

May 20, 1964

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Four-page
**GUIDE TO
BEADING**
and designs
to trace

In color:
CHILDREN
of
famous
FILM STARS

How to cope
with in-laws

**LONDON'S
MAD "MOD"
MODE**
See pages 4, 5

10 CARS TO WIN! in Vim Jingle contest

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of entries submitted, but each entry must be accompanied by a sticker from the top of a can of Vim Cleanser. Stickers are not required from residents of any state where their enclosure would contravene the law of the state.
2. All entries must be on the official entry form and must include the full name and address of the entrant.
3. Entries should be addressed to Box 7061 G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W.
4. Contest opens on 20th April, 1964 and closes on 10th July, 1964.
5. Entries will be judged on accuracy, neatness and aptness of thought. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. Winners will be notified by telegram and a complete list of winners will be published in the daily press at conclusion of contest.
7. Employees of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., and their advertising agents, and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO



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(Here's a sample of how it could be done.)

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 20, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 51

CONTENTS

Special Features

Film stars — second generation 28-31
The Luxury Look of Beading 33-37
You can't escape in-laws—so why not be friends? 45

Fiction

Martha, Eric and George (Serial — Part 3),
Margery Sharp 17
The Men Who Refused to Marry Emily Montague,
Barbara Germond 19
The Journey, Enid Gwynne 21
Birthday Child, Harriet Jackson 22, 23

Regular Features

Social 10, 11
Worth Reporting 12, 13
TV Parade 14
Letter Box, Ross Campbell 15
Stars 42
Mandrake, Crossword 79

Fashion

New night-light brilliance in after-5 fashions 24, 25
Dress Sense, Betty Keep 27
Fashion Frocks 34
Needlework Notions 71
Butterick Patterns 79

Home and Family

At Home with Margaret Sydney 47
Cookery: Autumn Desserts 48, 49
Prize Recipes, Low-calorie Recipe 53
Be your own handyman 57
Transfer 61
Gardening: Geraniums with a difference 61

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Our witty serial, "Martha, Eric and George," concludes this week (see page 17) — and, as usual with Margery Sharp stories in our paper, it has been illustrated by Arthur Boothroyd.

THE Sharp-Boothroyd combination began after he illustrated her novel "The Eye of Love" when we serialised it in 1958.

Miss Sharp was delighted when she saw the illustrations, and sent the artist a warm letter of congratulations.

Artist and author met four years later, when Boothroyd and his wife, Ninette, visited London in 1962.

They lunched with Miss Sharp and her husband, Geoffrey Castle.

Then, on their last night

Our Cover

● Simple bystanders (like the young man in our cover) may gawk. But this fashion book-tangled hair, shiny blouse, long skirt—we assure you, well. Absolutely. It's also very Mod. No, really. It is. It's NEWS in London . . . and you can read all about the Mod's swift new world on pages 4 and 5.

in London—and after a performance of "The Private Ear and the Public Eye"—the Boothroyds went on to a farewell champagne and caviare supper at Castles' flat in The Albany near Piccadilly.

WHILE it isn't practical, we think year-old Shirley's dress (pictured at left) is very smart . . .

And it won first prize in a sort of fashion competition. Shirley's mother — Mrs. M. Oborn, of Blayney, N.S.W. — sent us the picture.

"At a recent Fancy Dress Frolic Shirley gained first prize in the paper costume section," she wrote.

"I made her dress and a hat with 'Women's Weekly' on the band.



WEDDING IN ROME OF PRINCESS IRENE

● When Holland's Princess Irene married French-born Prince Carlos Hugo, 34, in Rome on April 29 she severed herself from her homeland.

BECAUSE her parents, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard, would not come to the wedding, there was nobody to give the 24-year-old Princess away.

She was born second in line of succession to the throne of Holland. But her betrothal to a Roman Catholic with pretensions to the Spanish throne and her conversion from Protestantism to his religion caused religious and political controversy in Holland. She renounced her Royal rights.

Princess Irene wore a beautiful Balmain gown and a 200-year-old diamond tiara to her wedding in the Basilica of St. Mary Major.

She spoke to her mother by telephone on her wedding day, and wept before the ceremony. During it, she laid her hand gently on her bridegroom's.

The Spanish "Si" she answered for "Yes" was barely a whisper.



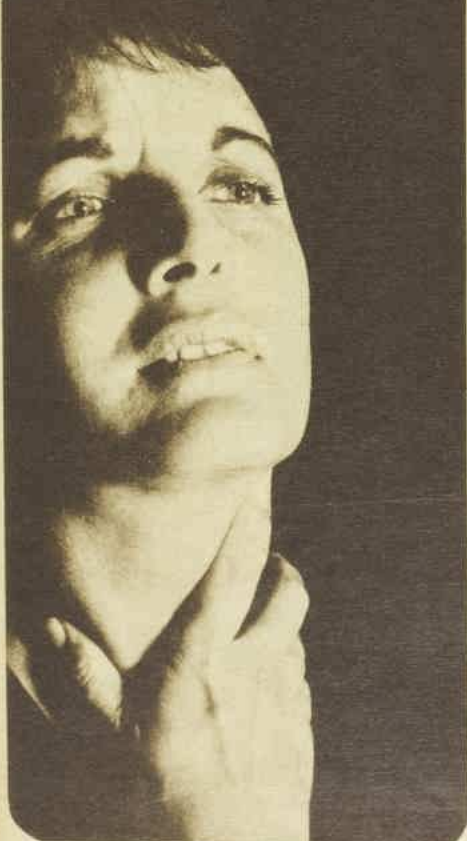
ABOVE: Princess Irene and Prince Carlos Hugo kneeling at the altar in the Borghese Chapel of the 1500-year-old Basilica of St. Mary Major, in Rome, during the Mass that followed their marriage ceremony. BELOW: Inside the Borghese Chapel during the Nuptial Mass, celebrated by Cardinal Giobbe.



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IT'S



TWIG THE LEG-WEAR: English girl Caroline Maudling wore check-effect stockings when she went to a race-meeting at Aintree with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Maudling.

"BLUE-BEAT" hemline for evening (12 inches from the ground) is voted ideal for dancing by all Beatedom. These Mary Quant designs have an Olde Worlde look — but only a Mod could wear them. Dark dress (left) has really swift frills; the white is made from curtain lace.

-NEXT WEEK-

TV STARS: How they live

Night after night, TV stars entertain viewers on screen, performing in the back-grounds dictated by their shows. In our special six-page color section, the stars invite you into their own homes—to see how they live off-screen. You'll meet the Bobby Limbs, the Noel Ferriers, the Bob Dyers . . .

Making sick plants well

Do your plants enjoy good health? Or do they droop sadly? Take heart—next week, in a three-page feature, a Melbourne "plant doctor" gives cures for some of the most common plant ailments.

New thriller serial

Ronald Scott Thorn's "Second Opinion" is an enthralling suspense story of a lonely man in search of his own death; don't miss the first instalment!

Soup—a meal itself

On cold winter nights the steaming fragrance of savory tempting soup says a warm "welcome home" to the family. Nourishing soup is a meal in itself—and our soup recipes are satisfying and delicious.

In Teenagers' Weekly—there's big, big news!

Brian Henderson's "Bandstand" comes to T.W.! "I'm thrilled about producing this new 'Bandstand,'" says Brian. "And I hope you'll like the parade of stories and pictures of stars, discs, shows, crazes, and gossip I'll proudly present each week."

Murray's Rose-y future . . .

Story and color pictures describe the Olympic swimmer's new movie career.

A MOD, MOD WORLD

● The Mods' motto is: "We're not here today and gone tomorrow — we're gone tonight!" Which is a fair summing up of the bewildering rate at which their fashions change. Today it is long skirts. Tonight it is short skirts. Tomorrow it is ski-pants.

By Larry Boys,
of our London staff

HIGH heels, low heels, long boots, half boots, long hair, short hair, red lips, pale lips, light colors, dark colors come and go in a crazy kaleidoscope of whim and whimsy.

The Mods are mostly in their teens. Their consuming passion is clothes. The latest.

Few of them drink. Few of them smoke. All their pocket-money goes on keeping up with the latest Mod fashion.

Always their fashions are extreme. Extreme enough to turn heads even in blase, preoccupied London.

They invent their own fashions. One girl gets an idea. Makes it up herself, or gets Mum to do it.

Then everybody copies. Exaggerates. Until the idea blows itself out by sheer extravagance. Then on to the next gimmick.

None of this goes unnoticed in Mayfair, Knightsbridge, and Chelsea. The "with it" designers use the Mod maelstrom of ideas for many a lucky-dip that turns out to be a haute couture smash-hit.

So swift

Their style spies pop in and out of the Mod haunts — the smoky, blue-beat clubs of Soho and Oxford Street.

And in a week or two the germ of a Mod idea blossoms in the boutiques of the King's Road.

When that happens, when the squares adopt their styles, the Mods discard them.

It's the same with their language.

When a Mod word becomes popular they change it for something else. Cool became hip; hip became kookie; kookie became way out; way out became swinging; swinging became with it; with it became fab; fab became gear; gear became swift.

Swift is the word. A swift dress. A swift party. A swift chick. A swift tune. A swift day. A swift job. A swift lipstick. A swift film. A swift town. A swift book. A swift disc.

The Mods were born of the Affluent Society. They have more money to spend than any similar age group before them.

The girls make, mend, and modify a lot of their own clothes, but they still have to buy materials and unimprovisable things like fashionable sweaters and shoes.

It's nothing for a teenage shop,

GET-UP for afternoon or cocktails, worn by British TV star Lois Daine, is obviously influenced by Mod styles. Note the chiffon sleeves, teamed with top-coat buttons. That's new!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964

office, or factory girl to spend £4 sterling a week on clothes.

Her wage packet might not be much more than £6, but she'll be living at home with parents who are themselves so much better off than their own parents were that they can afford to be indulgent about how much their working children pay in board.

They are indulgent in more ways than just money. They don't mind their daughters dressing in long hobble skirts or their sons wearing pudding-basin bowlers.

"At least the Mod kids are clean and neatly turned out," seems to be the general parental attitude.

Mod boys

The Mod boys find it harder to be "swift" than do the girls. It costs them more.

They buy their clothes from the Mod shops in Soho, and they're expensive.

A boy could spend 25 guineas on the latest thing in suede jackets and find after three weeks that it is "old frontier" — OUT.

Like the girls, the Mod boys pay great attention to detail and "accessories."

Latest Mod fad is for matching bootlaces and socks — white socks with white bootlaces, red socks with red bootlaces, and so on.

The shoes, at the moment, are suede. Suede is swift.

What of the Mods' highly publicised rivals, the Rockers?

The Rockers are the "ton-up" kids who rush round on high-powered motorbikes with their girls on the pillion. Both sexes dress alike — blue jeans, leather boots, leather jerkins.

Both wear their hair approximately the same length—the boys fairly long, the girls fairly short.

They think the Mods are cissies.

The Mods think the Rockers are scruffy and hopelessly conservative—their clothes date back to the rock-'n-roll days, the forgotten era of Marlon Brando's "Wild One."

I found the Mods reluctant to pose for pictures. "We don't want to pose in gear that'll be quaint old drag," said a girl in a long blue skirt and a white sweater.

"But it isn't old-fashioned, is it?"

"It will be by the time you get the pictures into print," she said.

The Mod word is swift, all right.



MOD HAIRCUT, a style heartily approved by those who adopt it. Do you like it? The waistcoat has a special cut, too. (And a very special price!)

● GROTESQUE? OR GLAMOROUS? Mod clothes may seem —well, a little on the mad side (or very mad). Careful, though. Maybe it depends on your age group.



HAIR STYLE BY CHARLES COPPA SALON

Trust only Gossamer for glamorous hair

Gossamer hair spray holds your hair beautifully in place at all times. Gossamer is carefully blended and prepared to condition your hair as it controls. Your hair is too precious to hold with any hair spray but the best . . . trust only Gossamer.

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Gossamer is the crystal clear hair spray that adds lustre and life to your hair



REGULAR SIZE 10/-
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 20, 1944

STAR'S SEND-OFF FOR FAMOUS COOK

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London office

London's Palladium gave cookery demonstrator Marguerite Patten a star's send-off after her last appearance before she leaves for her Australian tour.

MRS. PATTEN will tour Australia giving demonstrations presented by The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Australian gas industry.

Samples of the Australian food products she will use in her demonstrations here had been air-freighted to her so that she could test them with her own recipes.

These recipes, 225 of them, will form the 72-page lift-out cook book we will publish in all States during her tour.

Details of Mrs. Patten's demonstrations are given below. In addition, she will appear in a further series of five one-hour television demonstrations in the week following her live demonstrations.

Country clevers

In N.S.W. and Queensland these will be given on some country as well as city television stations, so that many women who were unable to attend her live demonstrations will have an opportunity of seeing her.

At the Palladium, where her cookery demonstrations are part of the variety programme, before an audience

of 3000, she shared the billing with "The Bachelors," Eric Delaney's Band, Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr, and other British favorites.

"The Bachelors' put on a small act for me," Mrs. Patten said.

"They began to wail 'We're faint with hunger'."

"Bon voyage, Marguerite"

Mrs. Patten, whose cooking demonstrations had produced a quantity of delicious food, immediately gave them a huge, beautiful cake.

"They grabbed a forcing bag of icing and wrote on the cake, 'Bon voyage, Marguerite,'" she said.

It wasn't long before all the artists at the Palladium knew that their favorite cookery demonstrator was going home to cook Australian food before flying there to demonstrate.

Eric Delaney's Band, which had played her on to the stage with "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked a Cake," gave way to Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr, whose act brings the audience into the singing, and they farewelled Marguerite with The Beatles' "She Loves Me, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah."

Backstage, in the dressing-rooms, stars who top the bill-



MRS. MARGUERITE PATTEN, pictured at a cookery demonstration she gave in Blackpool, England.

ing at the evening performances were making up as the whiff of delicious cooking smells wafted in.

Pancakes with jam

Lena Horne sniffed the savory smell of a hot roast pork dinner Marguerite had taken from the oven and, popping into her dressing-room, wished her luck on the Australian trip.

"We're going to miss the homely smell of cooking round the Palladium when you've gone," she said.

Mrs. Patten's dressing-room will be occupied by pop singer Cilla Black when the bill changes.

Australian Frank Ifield's songs, waiting at the stage door to be collected, were momentarily mislaid when a plate of piping-hot pancakes, dripping jam, arrived as a farewell gift for the stage doorkeeper.

"Good on yer, Maggie," he shouted as he and his mates tucked into the goodies.

Stage hands and the prop men, technicians and lighting experts were all having a party on the food that Marguerite had been cooking to the 3000-strong audience, who cheered her all the way.

Mrs. Patten is such a good trouper and fine actress, she could quite easily be part of some of the acts as well as her cooking demonstrations.

She did, in fact, on the last day of her Palladium demonstrations, go on for the comic turn of Joe Church, who missed his cue at curtain up.

The Palladium is not the only big stage on which she demonstrates. The Freemasons' Hall in Manchester, where the Halle Orchestra has its spiritual home, is another where her demonstrations have a warm and wonderful welcome.

"But I've never been on with the Halle Orchestra," she said. "Cooking combines wonderfully well with show business, but we haven't yet 'married' it up with the classical."

Down in Brighton, her season ended, Mrs. Patten was just as much in her element trying out dishes with Australian foods as she was on the stage with her programme "Harmony in the Home."

"I'm always sorry to leave the Palladium because I so enjoy show people," she said, "but I was thrilled to be able to try out my recipes with Australian food and try them on my family and friends."

"When a box of Australian food arrived Mrs. Patten's ex-R.A.F. husband, Bob, cleared it through Customs, unpacked the lot in their modern streamlined kitchen, then telephoned his wife excitedly at the Palladium."

"The biggest food parcel since the war has been opened and is spilling all

over your kitchen," he said.

Later, at a glorious cooking bonanza in the Patten home, he confided with a gleam of triumph in his eye: "I nearly stopped the show. But it was one way of getting Marguerite away from the bright lights."

For Marguerite Patten the arrival of Australian foods just as her season at the Palladium was ending was a perfect finale.

"Every day was 'Australia Day' for one glorious week of home cooking," Bob Patten told me.

"I haven't had such fun since I was on an Australian squadron in the R.A.F. and we used to get food parcels."

Fashionable hostess

There were nights when all the Pattens' friends dropped around to taste and pronounce on the cookery expert's experiments.

And at times the Pattens' kitchen was overflowing with young guests when Marguerite's daughter, Judith, was home for the weekend.

She is a public relations consultant in the West End and lives in fashionable Knightsbridge, where she does a great deal of entertaining.

Judith and her friends were delighted to find in the food parcels everything they wanted for quick supper parties.

Tiger escapes from Switzerland



Around the world, millions are delighted that Tiger is in their midst. You will be, too! Tiger Gruyere is cheese as only the Swiss can make it — zesty, tangy yet creamy-mild. Pounce on a pack today!



Tiger Gruyere is available in handy sandwich slices as well as in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

Genuine Switzerland
TIGER
GRUYERE CHEESE

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Scholl Surgical Stockings are recommended by Doctors, renowned all over the world. All fittings, either in nylon or elastic yarn, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl

Here are the details of Mrs. Patten's New South Wales and A.C.T. demonstrations.

Sydney: Two demonstrations daily, at 1.30 and 7.30 p.m., on June 8: North Shore Gas Co., Crows Nest.

June 9: The Australian Gas Light Co., Burwood.

June 10: The Australian Gas Light Co., Hurstville.

June 11: The Australian Gas Light Co., Parramatta.

June 12: The Australian Gas Light Co., Bondi Junction.

The demonstrations are free. Admission tickets are available at all the above addresses.

Newcastle: June 19, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., at Winn's Shortland Room, corner of King, Brown, and Hunter Streets. Ad-

mission tickets (free) available at Home Service, The City of Newcastle Gas and Coke Co. Ltd., 619-623 Hunter Street.

Canberra: June 16, 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., at the Rex Hotel. Admission tickets (free) available from May 15 at Porta Gas Pty. Ltd., 20 Garama Place, Civic.

Mrs. Patten will also give a series of five one-hour TV demonstrations: Sydney, TCN9: 12.30 p.m., June 15-19 inclusive.

Newcastle, NBN3: 3.30 p.m., June 22-26 inclusive.

Wollongong, WIN4: 12.30 p.m., June 15-19 inclusive.

At home with the new Chief Justice

● As a distinguished lawyer and Cabinet Minister, the new Chief Justice of Australia, Sir Garfield Barwick, has been in the public eye for many years. These pictures show him with his family at their home, "Mundroola," Beecroft, N.S.W. During these busy years he has always made time for gardening – his favorite hobby – and in the eight years since "Mundroola" was built he and his wife have created one of Sydney's most beautiful gardens.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



● Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick in front of their home, which overlooks the Pennant Hills golf links at Beecroft. Their poodle, Louis, is aged eight.



● Sir Garfield in his glasshouse staking tuberosus begonias (at left). Above: The terrace in front of the house and a view of the lawns which are framed by well-tended trees ranging from cold-climate conifers to magnolias and coral trees.



● Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, Sir Garfield Barwick, in his study, which is lined on three sides with leather-bound law books. A portrait of his only daughter, Diane, painted by "WEP" (W. E. Pidgeon), when she was eight, hangs behind his desk. Sir Garfield, who was educated at Fort St. High School and Sydney University, has been described as "probably Australia's most distinguished constitutional lawyer." He entered Federal Parliament in 1958 as Member for Parramatta. Before he resigned in recent weeks to take up his new appointment, he was Minister for External Affairs.



● With their son Ross, who is studying law, and daughter, Diane, a third-year Arts student, in the drawing-room. At left: Long view of the drawing-room with its reproduction Adam mantelpiece, hand-carved in Queensland maple. The gilt settee and chairs are from Spain. Room opens to a small conservatory.

Investment Guide

This week: More "RIGHTS"

By MARY BROKER

● "Rights" to new issues are a good way of getting into many first-class companies, as I explained last week.

YOU may well ask why any first-class company should have a new issue to finance a project. After all, if it is first-class, it should be able to provide its own finance without asking shareholders for more money.

However, many companies who could do just this feel that a large purchase of plant, or the takeover of another new company, could be rather a strain on resources.

As I have explained, it is always a good thing for any company to have a healthy reserve position to fall back on in case of hard times.

To finance a big project would naturally mean a drain on reserves. Therefore, why not offer shareholders the chance to acquire more shares in their own company at less than the prevailing market price?

This is, after all, a type of bonus, and if offered at a premium adds to the item called "Share premium reserve," which you see on the left-hand side of the balance sheet.

I spoke last week of the National Bank of Australia and of Pye Industries, two companies which enjoy a high market status.

There are several other "rights" issues which either are now available or will be soon, and which could well be worth watching.

One such is A.C.F. and Shirley Fertilizers Ltd. Rights trading in this stock commenced on April 24 and will continue until June 30.

Farm boost

As you remember, the Government in the last Budget gave farmers a boost. It therefore gave to the country an allowance on new agricultural machinery (which has proved of so much benefit to tractor manufacturers among others) and also placed a bounty of £3 a ton on standard superphosphate, which is one of the most used forms of fertiliser.

Add to this the high incomes now prevailing in the farming community because of the good prices being received for wool, wheat, and sugar and you have an excellent outlook for the fertiliser industry.

A.C.F. and Shirleys is a Queensland company whose shares have only recently been listed on the Stock Exchange. They have had an extremely good record over recent years, earning

rate rising from 13 per cent. in 1960 to 21.7 per cent. in 1963.

Soon after listing, a 3-4 new issue of 5/- shares was announced at 5/- premium.

Since, as in most fertiliser companies, there is a majority of primary producers' shares, the trading of rights to the new issue provides a way of gaining entry into a company with excellent prospects whose shares are tightly held.

(Primary producers' shares are held, of course, by primary producers who are entitled to cash bonuses on purchases. This is also very convenient for A.C.F., who is thus assured of a fairly constant market for its products.)

The rights are fluctuating between 39/- and 42/-, which, with the application money of 25/-, makes a total cost of 67/- at the higher price compared with the share price of about 68/6.

Exciting

One hundred rights at 42/- would cost about £213, plus application money of £125 for a minimal dividend return of £8/10/- a year on the 8½ per cent. rate.

However, as with most fertiliser companies, dividend is kept very low, because of the primary producers' shares, so that benefits come by way of bonus and new issues — which I for one find much more exciting.

The company soon to have a 1-4 new issue at 7/6 premium is Pioneer Concrete Services Ltd., whose trucks most of you will have seen.

The company is engaged in the concrete industry. It is enjoying buoyant conditions because of the boom in the home- and road-building industries.

As well as operating throughout mainland Australia, Pioneer has subsidiaries in Hong Kong and the United Kingdom. Results for the current year should, I believe, be quite satisfactory.

The purpose of the present issue, which follows a 1-5 issue earlier in this financial year, is to finance the acquisition of a 75 per cent. interest in Fitzpatrick Industries Pty. Ltd., a Sydney quarrymaster from Conzinc Riotinto of Australia Ltd.

This should prove an excellent move. In the past year to December 31, Fitzpatrick's profit rose from £78,000 to £104,000, and earnings so far this year are well up.

I advise you to watch for the commencement of rights trading on May 16.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



ABOVE: Sir John Northcott (left) with the principal of Roseville Girls' College, Mrs. M. M. Higgins, the deputy-principal, Mrs. M. I. Richardson (right), and the chairman of the College Council, Mr. Leslie Gummerson, at the official opening by Sir John of the Isobel and Ethel Davies Memorial Gates at the college.

BELOW: Foursome (from left) Miss Judy Kell, of Albury, Mr. Ken McLaurin, of "Arran," Holbrook, Miss Carolyn Colquhoun, of Albury, and Miss Vivienne Grant, of Toorak, Melbourne, were among racegoers at the Holbrook Picnic Races at Holbrook Racecourse. A dinner dance followed at Holbrook Shire Hall.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blanshard at the cocktail party held by the Sydney Church of England Grammar School at Menzies Hotel to celebrate the school's 75th Anniversary.



BELOW: Mr. Richard Blackman, of "Warrigal," Coonabarabran, and his bride, formerly Miss Shaen Crossing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crossing, of "Colly Blue," Quirindi, leaving St. James' Church, King Street, with their attendants (from left) Mrs. Andrew Crossing, Miss Jane Dunlop, Miss Betsy Blackman, and Miss Jane Crossing. A reception was held at the Australia Hotel.



THERE are record entries again this year for Sydney's 65th Sheep Show. Judging will begin at the Showground on May 27 and trophies, including the coveted Stonehaven Cup, will be presented after the official opening by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, on May 29.

Afterwards many of the guests will go on to a cocktail party given by the president of the Australian Sheepbreeders' Association, Mr. J. F. Litchfield, and Mrs. Litchfield, at David Jones' restaurant, before dashing off to change for the annual Sheep Show Ball at Menzies Hotel.

The Postgraduate Medical Foundation Ladies' Committee is organising the ball, and its chairman, Mrs. L. F. Burton, will welcome the guests, who will receive ceramic ashtrays with a sheep motif as souvenirs of the evening. They will be given out by "cigarette girls" Jenny Human and

Christine Dobinson, who will both be dressed in wool outfits.

A PHONE CALL from London last week brought exciting news to Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hemmingson, of "Emu Flat," Basingstoke. It was from their daughter Christine, who told them she had announced her engagement to London Dr. Stuart Saunders. Christine has been holidaying in England since February and she and her fiancé are planning to marry — probably in London — at the end of the year.

MRS. HERBERT CROSSING will be going to Orange at the end of the month to watch television for a few weeks. Her daughter, Mrs. Libby Middleton, who recently returned home with her children, Andrew and Douglas, after several years in America, has just been appointed presentation announcer with one of the local TV channels. Last week Mrs. Middleton entertained her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Farquhar, of Cambridge, New Zealand, at her new home in Orange. The Farquhars spent a few days in Australia before leaving for a trip overseas.

I JUST had to admire the staunch school spirit of a Sydney hotel supervisor at the Shore School's 75th Anniversary cocktail party last week. While most of the school's old boys sported the school tie, Mr. X stood out like a beacon in the crowded room. He also wore his old school tie — the Riverina one!

A SPECIAL guest at the wedding of Rosemary Piper and Kenneth Caughey at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on May 15, will be Rosemary's brother, Dr. Graham Piper, of Port Moresby, New Guinea. Dr. Piper teaches Papuan medical students at Port Moresby General Hospital, and he and his wife will stay with Mrs. Piper's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hook, of Wahroonga, while they are in Sydney.

MR. and MRS. GORDON LETHBRIDGE KIRBY have just received word from England that their daughter, Annabel, has had a baby son, Annabel and her husband, John Fowler, who live at "Crown Farm," Rowland, Essex, already have a 10-month-old son, Jonathan, and have still to choose a name for their new child. Incidentally, Mrs. Lethbridge Kirby told me that the Fowlers would be visiting Sydney for Christmas this year.

—ITA BUTTROSE

IN THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY



ABOVE. The Federal President of the Australian - American Association, Mr. R. Keith Yarnon, and Mrs. Laurena Vass (couple on left) with the president of the Association Ladies' Committee, Mrs. Norman Jones, and the Commander of the United States 8th Army and Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations Forces in Korea, General Hamilton H. Howze, at the Coral Sea Victory Ball, General and Mrs. Howze were guests of honor at the gala ball.



AT RIGHT. Mr. and Mrs. Rudi Tolnay and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phillips (on right) were among the guests at the Coral Sea Victory Ball, which was held at the Trocadero.



AT LEFT. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mansell made a special trip from Bernal to attend the ball at the Trocadero. Mr. Mansell helped the Australian - American Association Ladies' Committee with the ball decor. Red, white, and blue streamers, trimmed with gold stars and miniature flags, covered the ceiling, and in the foyer Australian and American flags flanked the Association's colorful crest.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 20, 1964



ABOVE. Miss Helen Lewis, of Gilgandra, and Mr. David Quinn, of "Arlington," Coolah, twisting at the Gilgandra Bachelors and Spinners' Ball, which was held at the Gilgandra Shire Hall. Sydney and country guests flew and drove to Gilgandra for the ball, which ended at dawn.



BASS PLAYER Mr. Bob Tuckwell, of Parramatta, chatted with Miss Jan Munro, of "Cuttabaloo," Binnaway, and Mr. Tony Evans, of "Boori," Mendooran, at the Gilgandra Ball. Jan wore a full-length satin gown, which was trimmed with organza roses.



GAY GROUP. From left, Mr. Peter Sears, of Wellington, Miss Naomi Beveridge, of "Tuglands Cottage," Gilgandra, and her cousin, Miss Sue Beveridge, of "Tuglands," Gilgandra, and the president of the Gilgandra Bachelors and Spinners' Committee, Mr. John Luckie, of "Blairgowrie," Mendooran, who listened to the music of the Toreadors' band in between dances at the ball. Mr. Luckie welcomed 390 guests.

WHY PAY 9'11 WHEN FAIRYWEB GUARANTEES DEPENDABLE WEAR

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FAIRYWEB SEAMFREE
made from



the hallmark of top quality!

6'11 MICROMESH
SEAMFREE

SHEER SEAMFREE 6'11

Latest fashion shades. 8½-10½ average,
9½-11 long.

NON-RUN SEAMFREE 7'11

Popular Surfside, Air France shades. 8½-11.

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS



Miss Yone Ito

For deserted children

JAPANESE visitor Miss Yone Ito is charming, sweet, and little more than 5ft. tall. But she has the tough job of looking after 52 children of Australian servicemen and Japanese girls.

Miss Ito, a trained social worker, is responsible for the welfare of the children who live in Kure.

Many were deserted at or soon after birth.

Miss Ito came to Australia to help raise £50,000 needed to support and educate the children.

The appeal is the A. J. Ferguson Memorial Appeal, named for a Melbourne businessman, the late Mr. Alex Ferguson, who until his death nearly two years ago did much to help the Australian-Japanese children in Kure.

"I am taking home souvenirs of Australia for the children and as much film as I can," Miss Ito said.

Miss Ito was in senior high school when the war ended. "I saw many homeless children on the streets," she said, "and that's when I became interested in social work."

She says the Australian-Japanese children look different from other local children but don't behave differently. However, they have the unoriental trait of getting very excited sometimes.

"They feel they are different," she said, "and that they are Australian."

The sports they liked most were judo, baseball, and "playing Tarzan" with ropes.

Miss Ito says their main handicap is lack of opportunity in a community where competition is fierce.

As the children grow older their problems do not grow less. The girls are beginning to worry about their matrimonial prospects.

The perfect solution is that they marry within their group.

And, as a matter of fact, Miss Ito says their proximity, living in the same district and attending the same club, has led to some blossoming friendships.

★ ★ ★
A FORTYISH, very experienced nanny has moved into Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, London, to care for Master James Robert Bruce Ogilvy, baby son of Princess Alexandra and Mr. Angus Ogilvy. Her name? It's almost too good to be true—MISS RATTLE.

WORTH

● "We are outraged," declared Perth Beatles fans when they found that their beloved Beatles were missing Perth in their Australasian tour.

THEY have banded together to send a petition to Beatles manager Brian Epstein.

From far and wide in the West, name-filled forms are pouring into the Melville homes of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mace and Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Main.

Cheryl Main, a laboratory assistant at O'Connor, first thought up the idea of a petition, and she drew her friends Elizabeth and Diane Mace into the project.

Their parents are giving them the utmost co-operation. Which was just as well for the domestic life of both homes.

When Elizabeth is at her job as a shorthand-typist in Fremantle, Cheryl is at the laboratory and Diane is at the Technical School in Fremantle, the onus of answering the telephone and taking names falls on the two mothers at home.

Home entertaining has gone by the board, for the phone is hardly ever silent and one or other of the parents has to leave the guests to answer a "Beatles call."

Mr. Mace had dozens of the petition sheets roneoed, and Mr. Main distributed them in country centres.

The girls bore all the expense at first. But then a boy fan donated 42 stamps and a girl fan sent along 500 envelopes. Now they have had other offers of help.

The girls are thrilled with the radio stations.

"We wrote and asked them if they would put a message over for us," they said. "We gave our telephone numbers and our message about the petition."

"The first message hardly gone over the air before the first phone call came in, and the phone has been running hot ever since."

The girls' mothers say their busiest time is round 4.15 p.m. — just time for school to finish and a Beatles fan to hurry home and call Cheryl or Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, Cheryl, and Diane have pictures of Paul, Ringo, John, and George covering every available space in their bedrooms, even the backs of their wardrobes.

Elizabeth and Diane can flutter a Beatles postcard which, oh bliss! a friend put for them in Melbourne.

They think that soon they'll have 20,000 names on their petition.

"They've just got to come to the West," say the girls. "It's not fair. We've been collecting Beatles records for months and we've cut out their pictures every time they appear in the papers, and we want to see them in the flesh."

"They must come. They must. THEY MUST!"

"None of the Beatles fans here can afford to go to the eastern States to hear them."

And the echo of this can be heard rumbling from Wyndham all the way down to Albany.



● On May 1, when Lord Snowdon heard that he and Princess Margaret had a 6lb. 2oz. daughter he was excitedly on the telephone to the Queen, then all round the family—Royal and commoner.

The baby's first visitor was the Queen Mother. The crowds soaking up the May Day sunshine in Kensington Gardens cheered her as she drove by. Then came Tony's mother, the Countess of Rosse, who lives only 15 minutes away.

Tony poured champagne all round for the staff at his home. They commented: "He was so excited all morning he seemed 20ft. off the ground."

One of Princess Margaret's earliest telephone calls was from the Duchess of Kent, whose baby girl was born two days earlier.

REPORTING



BEATLES FANS (from left) Diane Mace, Cheryl Main, and Elisabeth Mace count the first batch of names (5000 of them) on the petition they're organising to get The Beatles to visit Perth during their Australasian tour.

Tribute to Sydney drivers

MOTORISTS in Sydney are extremely courteous, in the opinion of Mrs. W. P. N. Edwards, wife of the managing director of British Overseas Fairs Ltd.

"No one became impatient when I got into a wrong lane the other day," she said. "In Europe — and even in London — they would have been abusing and tooting their horns at me."

Mr. Edwards is in Australia to direct the organisation of the British Exhibition at Sydney Showground in September.

Mrs. Edwards has acted as hostess for her husband at every overseas exhibition arranged by B.O.F. There have been nine — the first held in Baghdad in 1954.

One of Mrs. Edwards' pleasant duties will be to accompany Princess Marina around the Exhibition when she visits Sydney.

Tall, auburn-haired Mrs. Edwards was formerly the Hon. Sheila Cary, daughter of Viscount Falkland.

At home — which is at Merton, about 10 miles south of London — she likes to keep social life to a minimum. Her main hobbies are working in the 200-acre garden ("I do most of the planting") and community work.

She is president of the local branch of the S.S.A.F.A. (Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association) and runs a fortnightly clinic for the Family Planning Association.

"A woman doctor and a nurse attend each clinic," she explained. "I just do the office work."

"The clinic doesn't only help young people to plan their families — it also helps childless couples to achieve parenthood."

"Often former patients will bring their babies to the clinic to show me."

"It's wonderfully rewarding to see their happiness."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964

Beauty for the blind

DO you find it exasperatingly difficult to set your hair in rollers? Imagine the plight of a blind girl trying to do it.

Yet several blind girls, taking a 13-week rehabilitation course at the Victorian Institute for the Blind, recently learned to roll their hair quickly and professionally.

After a talk and demonstration by hair-beauty expert Mrs. Coral Harrison, of Melbourne, the girls realised their mistake was in not pulling the hair straight up before rolling it.

The girls have been given beauty and fashion lectures during the rehabilitation course, which is designed to bring them up to date with new mobility methods, brush up their braille, and also teach them shorthand, typing, cooking, and sewing.

They particularly enjoyed a lecture on fabrics by Melbourne fashion co-ordinator Miss Margaret Watson.

There was delight when she produced lengths of materials — from soft nylons to tweeds. Their favorite was a lingerie nylon satin which feels like pure silk.

They said they seldom used make-up. When they did it was only lipstick — applied with the tip of the finger, by following the outline of the mouth.

"If ever I use powder," one of the pupils said lightly, "I have to get Mum to check to make sure I haven't got a dob on my nose."

"WHEN it comes to picking up the bill," the businessman said of an associate, "he has an impediment in his reach."

Portraits of houses

"SINCE old houses can't be preserved, they should be recorded for Australian history," said Melbourne artist Helen Ogilvie of the houses she paints in oils.

Miss Ogilvie is preparing for her first exhibition here since returning last June, after seven years in England.

Each day she spends hours in the studio of her early-Victorian cottage in South Yarra, painstakingly reproducing in oils the houses she has sketched on trips around Victoria and the Riverina district.

Only occasionally she paints city dwellings. "No big buildings, skyscrapers, or town halls," she said, "but terraced or single-fronted suburban houses, particularly if they have wrought-iron balconies and creepers."

During her seven years in London Miss Ogilvie lived in Notting Hill Gate, and held exhibitions of her paintings of Australian houses four times a year.

Miss Ogilvie always asks permission of the owners to sketch their houses.

"People in Australia are always very nice and never embarrassingly curious," she said.



HELEN OGILVIE with some of her paintings.



CARMICHAEL PARKINSON

has it now!

Here at last is a griller that grills as perfectly at the edges as it does in the centre. Juicy, flame-kissed grills for the big, big family cook evenly, quickly over the bigger area of this Carmichael-Parkinson "wide-a-scope" griller. It's smokeless, enclosed and lighted by a flash tube from outside, and the anti-flash dish rolls out to you on a stylish grid that cannot tilt or tip. See your gas centre about trading up to better cooking with Carmichael-Parkinson.

There's double the quality in
CARMICHAEL PARKINSON

The best-known names in cooking.

*2 GREAT NAMES

The two best-known names in cooking are now linked together to bring you the very finest cooking appliances available. Look now to Carmichael-Parkinson, your two-fold guarantee of quality.

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AVAILABLE FOR OPERATION
ON TOWN GAS
OR L.P. BOTTLED GAS



Television

SISTERS Joan (Sheila Bradley, left) and Shirl (Robina Beard) discuss with their lazy mechanic, Charlie (Ted Hepple), the problems of running a business in the roadside cafe attached to their garage. They are the regular members of the cast of "Barley, Charlie."

CHARLIE'S A LOAFER

By SCARTH FLETT

LOCAL writers polished up the drafts and wrote another seven episodes to complete the series.

"Barley, Charlie," made by Fanfare Films for GTV9, is produced and directed by Rod Kinnear, with comedian Johnny Ladd (now GTV9's comedy producer) assisting.

The regulars — Sheila Bradley, Robina Beard, and Ted Hepple—are joined each week by guest actors and actresses.

All the action takes place in a rundown garage and roadside cafe, somewhere on the Hume Highway between Sydney and Melbourne.

It's the sort of country place that anyone who has ever made that journey is bound to have come across.

Littered with bits and pieces, the set (comprising garage, mechanic's storeroom, cafe, and kitchen) is

● Closeted in a room at Melbourne's Southern Cross Hotel last winter, English scriptwriters Ronald Chesney and Ronald Wolfe (of "The Rag Trade" fame) drafted six episodes for Australian television's first locally produced situation-comedy series, "Barley, Charlie."

a masterpiece of design by Quentin Mitchell.

Quentin often wanders on to the set during rehearsal with wire, nails, or bits of rubbish to add to the realistic confusion in the garage and storeroom.

Sheila and Robina play the sisters Joan and Shirl, who inherit their Uncle Ted's ramshackle country business, along with Charlie the mechanic, played by Ted Hepple.

The girls are most put out at having to leave the city, their cosy flat, and

glamorous jobs to come out to the country and run a business they know nothing about.

The retreat

Shirl, particularly, misses her city boy friends.

Joan tries to make the best of their predicament and smarten up the place so they can make a profit, sell it, and go back to the city.

But she is thwarted at every turn by Charlie, a born loafer who spends more time in the storeroom (probably better named "Charlie's

retreat") armed with beer can, transistor radio, and racing form, than in the garage fixing cars.

Through his laziness the girls are forced to learn to mend punctures and other mechanic's duties.

It's the motorists who stop for a snack, petrol, or to have their cars repaired who provide many of the laughs.

Rehearsals have been a grubby business, so much so that Sheila and Robina were issued with pale blue track suits.

Ted, who spends most of

the episodes in tattered sandals, overalls, and shirt, rubbed his overalls with grease and rolled in the dirt to have them authentically filthy.

Both girls bemoan the plight of their fingernails, for garage mechanics simply don't have long, elegant nails.

"I finally took the plunge and cut mine short," sighed Sheila.

Sheila Bradley arrived from England five years ago to star in "Grab Me a Gondola" with Bill French. They

were married in 1962, and have a daughter, Kate, aged nine months.

Ted Hepple is known as Edward Hepple for his more dignified roles (as Governor Phillip in the TV serial "The Hungry Ones," and in "A Man for all Seasons"), but he felt Ted was more appropriate for his role as Charlie.

Robina Beard is thrilled with her first straight acting role.

Robina is known chiefly as a singer and dancer. She took over the leading role in "Irma la Douce," when Judy Bruce fell ill.

On television she has appeared in "Startime," "Lorrae Desmond Show," and in the TV play "Johnny Belinda."

● "Barley, Charlie" is seen on GTV9, Melbourne, at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesdays; TCN9, Sydney, at 7 p.m. on Mondays.

CHILDREN HERE HOLD A TV RECORD—AS VIEWERS

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

• Australian schoolchildren spend more time watching TV than the other children of the world, according to Mr. John Huntley, head of the Film Programme and Service Division of the British Film Institute.

RECENT statistics showed that "24.9 per cent. of Australian children between 13 and 15 see 30 hours or more of TV each week," he said. "They spend only 26 hours with a teacher in the classroom."

"Who and what is teaching them? TV is playing a big part. Children should be taught to appreciate films: it would help them to learn more from TV."

He explained that the high average viewing time of children can be put down, among other things, to the fact that longer hours of viewing are available for children in Australia.

Mr. Huntley visited Australia for eight weeks at the invitation of UNESCO. He is a tall, rather heavily built, blue-eyed, and sandy-haired. He is married to an Australian, who was Diana Huntley, of Sydney. They have a two-year-old daughter, Amanda.

Mr. Huntley is right on the beam, very mid-twentieth century, but combines this with an ineffably Edwardian air. I felt he should be posed for his picture standing stiffly beside a well-pommed aspidistra.

What makes his Edwardian air so incongruous is his outspoken opinions.

Pet subject

"Doorway to Knowledge," TUNP's adult education programme, was livelier than usual when he appeared on it talking about his pet subject, film appreciation.

He feels that this subject should be taught in schools all over Australia. Being able to criticise a film made anyone enjoy it more, he said.

Asked what his criterion of a good movie was, he said it was the same as for a good painting. It should be:

- Easily identified as the work of a certain man, as was a Dobell, a Rembrandt.
- Durable, able to refresh continually.

He said that there were movies that he could go on seeing indefinitely.

The first thing I asked him was to name them. He rattled them off. They included "The Third Man," "Bicycle Thieves," "Bridge on the River Kwai," "Ivan the Terrible," "Citizen Kane," "On the Town."

In all, I spent 11 minutes in a crowded corner of a city hotel with Mr. Huntley. As well as talking to me,



British Film Institute expert Mr. John Huntley.

he greeted his guests, soothed his worried wife, and faced the camera.

He is so interesting about TV that I could have spent hours with him. Here are some things that came out of the brief interview.

"Australian TV is of very, very high quality, absolutely teeming with talent on both the A.B.C. and commercial channels. There is the talent here for developing first-class live shows. You already have good ones."

He said unhesitatingly that "Four Corners" and "Project '64" had impressed him most.

"Of the 'Four Corners' programmes I saw, I liked best of all the one about the R.S.L. Clubs," he said. "It was splendid."

"Red China" and "The Glittering Mile" were the two I liked best of the 'Project '64' series. They were beautifully done."

"A.B.C.'s 'Land That Waited' (about the exploration and settlement of Australia) and 'Dancing Orpheus' (about the lyrebird) were absolutely magnificent."

"I also saw an opera episode I liked very much in 'Sound of Music.' It was beautifully done, very tasteful and imaginative."

"Your commercials are brilliant. There is no doubt they are the best in the world."

I got a word in here and asked him weren't American ones better. He was amazed. "Good heavens, no," he said. "Australian ones are much better."

"Another thing I like

very much are the A.B.C. interludes."

I like them, too, but it was no use telling Mr. Huntley that sometimes I got tired of that trip down the Hawkesbury. I am an obvious candidate for a course in film appreciation.

Just before I saw Mr. Huntley, the A.B.C. announced that, with the N.S.W. Department of Education, they were about to embark on a programme of direct TV teaching of science and mathematics in N.S.W. high schools.

The lessons, to start immediately after the May holidays, will be an adjunct to the classroom course. They will be delivered by a special teacher, but the class teacher will have notes to follow-up the TV lesson.

I asked Mr. Huntley what he thought about it.

"It is a most interesting experiment," he said.

"We find that TV in schools demands better teachers. Done as the A.B.C. is going to do it with the class teachers involved, it is good, but I must emphasise it will never replace a teacher — teaching by TV without a class teacher just doesn't work."

"TV for secondary schools demands a very imaginative sort of teacher and a great deal of preparation."

"I don't think a TV lesson is any good unless it contains at least three challenges—challenges that will make the children do something themselves after the lesson."

"One may be such a simple

thing as looking up the exact situation of a certain city on a map."

"The challenges have to be incorporated in the TV lesson. To simply put slabs of education on TV is a mistaken conception and will never work."

"It is logical to teach children film appreciation as a follow-up to teaching by TV."

"In Tasmania, I saw what I would call one of the finest experiments in the world—the teaching of film appreciation in secondary schools. They have done this now there for three years."

"Film appreciation is a standard part of all the State secondary schools' syllabus, and 20 per cent. of the English examination is set on film appreciation."

"I had discussions in Tasmanian schools about films—movies and TV—that were exciting. The children were most knowledgeable, bright."

"Victoria has dabbled with the teaching of film appreciation in schools; N.S.W. may include it in the secondary schools' syllabus eventually."

"In N.S.W. the individual teachers are very enthusiastic and very lively about subjects such as film appreciation, but, unfortunately, they are blocked in their enthusiasms by the heavy hand of the Education Department."

"I do feel that the situation in the Department will be altered. Some people there are beginning to have a more lively approach and are beginning to explore the teaching of film appreciation with a view to doing something constructive about it."

Favorite shows

At this stage, Mr. Huntley took off, with me after him.

I had one more question: What were his favorite TV programmes, the ones he wouldn't miss?

He was as definite about that as he was about everything else. "Steptoe and Son," "Z-Cars," and "The Defenders," he said.

What about "Maigret," described as "the best TV in the world?"

"I enjoy 'Maigret,'" he said, "but really—Englishmen playing Frenchmen? It does what 'the Sundowners' did to Australia—Americans and Englishmen playing Australians. It is not good enough."

"No, I stick to my three favorites. They're indigenous, splendid TV."

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Write to Kempthorne for an entry form or ask your nearest lighting retailer.

The entry form illustrates a lounge room with 5 positions for light fittings. Just write down the name of the Kempthorne fitting you think is most suitable for each location.

Entries will be judged by Kempthorne designers for good taste and neatness. Entries close June 15th, 1964.

Winners will be notified by mail and their names announced in the Australian Women's Weekly.

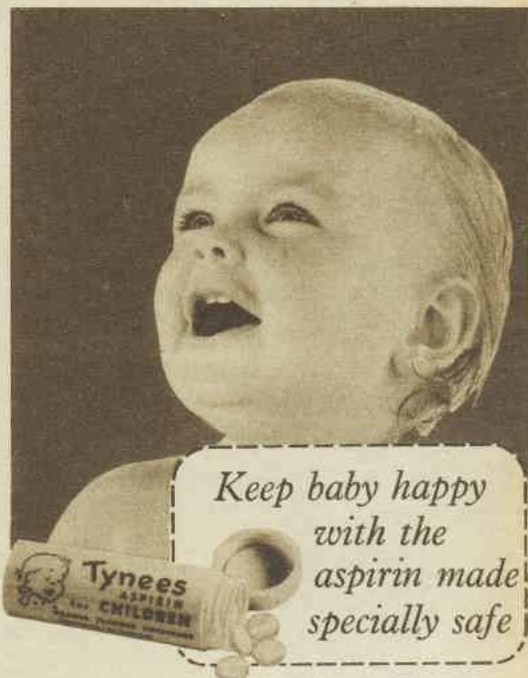
Helpful hint: You'll find many decorating tips in the Kempthorne Book of Lighting—and at your nearest Kempthorne retailer.

PLEASE SEND ME ☐ Lighting Contest Entry Form ☐ Kempthorne Book of Lighting. (Tick items required.)

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Page 15

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964



Did you know?

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

SOPHIA LOREN



● Richard Burton's "Hamlet" — for which tickets are about as easy to come by in New York as an invitation to tea with Greta Garbo — could get a bigger audience than the epic production of "Cleopatra."

A TELEVISION special of the Broadway production under Sir John Gielgud's direction has been planned for some months, and reportedly was contingent upon the critical reception of the play.

Well, it was a hit, a palpable hit, and almost certain to be headed for the TV screen.

Producer of the "Hamlet" special could be Norman Barr, who discussed it with his partner, Phil D'Antoni, and Burton in New York.

★ ★ ★
THE B.B.C. in London ran a special programme on Captain Cook to mark the 200th anniversary of his setting out for Australia.

★ ★ ★
BING CROSBY has promised to sing at least one song in each episode of his new family situation comedy series.

Television

JIMMY DURANTE, once a regular on American TV, made one of his now brief appearances as master of ceremonies on the vaudeville-variety show "Hollywood Palace." He is still often seen waving his enormous nose over a fresh-brewed cup of coffee in commercials.

Nat King Cole was so impressive when he emceed the "Hollywood Palace" show that the American A.B.C. network has invited him to make four special programmes of his own this season.

★ ★ ★
THE sequel to "Elizabeth Taylor in London" is to be filmed this month—"Sophia Loren in Rome." Miss Loren will get a guide's fee of £A50,000 for the tour.

★ ★ ★
JAMES FRANCISCUS, star of the popular series "Mr. Novak," has turned down offers to join the crowd of young actors who cash in on their popularity with songs in dubious voice. He has turned down opportunities of directing "Novak" episodes also. "I just want to act — period," is his reply to such offers.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Mamma once said . . . Have you noticed your local newspaper lately? It seems like all you see nowadays is page after page of ads for used cars—you know the ones—"I sell cheaper than anybody else . . ." "I pay more for your used car than anybody else . . ." and no one sells a bad car. They are all in cream-puff condition. And isn't it funny how many elderly schoolteachers and little old ladies keep selling their cars? But the next time you read one of these ads could you please explain this to me . . .

Mamma's moral . . . How can a dealer pay more for used cars than anybody, and then sell them for less than anybody?



For baby's delicate cleansing needs

A Johnson's Cotton Bud—a twirl of soft cotton wool on an easily pliable, safe stem. —ready-made for gentle care. It's the safest way to clean the little curves and folds round baby's ear, his nose and mouth. It's the gentlest way of applying cream to any little chafes or spots. Use Buds yourself, too, for cosmetics and first-aid.

SAFE STEMS *

Safe, because they bend gently under pressure, give easily if baby moves suddenly.

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MARTHA

ERIC and

GEORGE

Conclusion of our serial

By MARGERY SHARP

Illustrated by Boothroyd

WHEN ERIC TAYLOR, employed at an English bank in Paris, finds his illegitimate son has been left on the doorstep of the apartment he shares with his widowed mother, MRS. TAYLOR, he makes frantic efforts to trace the child's mother. She is a young artist named MARTHA with whom he had had a love affair when she was a student in Paris. But she cannot be found. The baby, who has been christened GEORGE, reaches the age of seven when Eric falls in love with EDITH ALLEN, who works in the English Library. In the circumstances he feels he cannot propose to her.

Meanwhile, Martha is living happily in the English countryside, where, completely dedicated to her art, she paints and teaches a few students. This way of life has been made possible for her by the patronage of a wealthy London furrier, MR. JOYCE, for whom she has a deep respect and devotion. Mr. Joyce and Martha's former teacher, head of a famous art school in Paris, arrange for an exhibition of her paintings in Paris, but just before she is due to leave, accompanied by Mr. Joyce, the old man has a stroke, and Martha makes the journey alone.

Under the guidance of her teacher, Martha's show is a tremendous success and she finds she is a celebrity. But a shock awaits her when Eric, whom she has not seen for ten years, arrives one morning at her hotel. He tries to persuade Martha it is her responsibility to look after her son. But Martha resolutely refuses to have anything to do with the boy. NOW READ ON:

MARTHA'S appearance at the studio, though belated, was nonetheless highly successful. A flattered Swede — shades of Nils! — just as she'd anticipated, ceded the best place with positive enthusiasm; over her shoulder, as she stood to draw, the whole class jostled, watching. With a certain arrogant humor, Martha (at the height of her skeleton-leaf period) decided to draw like Ingres.

Smoothly accurate, strict representational flowed her line; le maitre pinned at her over the easel. "That is how one must learn to draw, before one paints!" le maitre admonished his flock. "Then up to your elbows in cobalt if you wish — having first learnt to draw like mademoiselle!"

Martha further added to her popularity by standing "chocolats Liegeois" all round at a neighboring patisserie. (Of course, Mr. Joyce, via le maitre, paid.) It was a modest little establishment, known to the students simply as Fat Rosa's, but the "chocolats" were excellent, also much cheaper than on the boulevards: Martha was glad to discover it.

Eric Taylor, for his part, spent the rest of the morning wandering along the quais until it was time to go back to lunch; having made rather a point of his morning off, he felt he couldn't go back to the Bank. He would have liked to; he recognised himself, his mind badly in need of some steadying influence, for, with such high if ill-founded hopes had he waited at the Relais, Martha's rough destruction of them left him at once despairing and disoriented.

To be plain, Eric, imagining he at last saw the way clear before him, had mentally prepared not only that touching, never-to-be-uttered little exordium, but also a proposal of marriage to Edith Allen; and, his path now once more blocked, didn't know which way to turn.

To page 54

"How do I look?" Martha asked as her art teacher watched her quizzically.



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NIGHTDRESS AND BRUNCH COAT BY GIVONI

How to be warm in bed...and look like a woman, too!

Like a woman who loves to be lovely all the time. (A woman who gets more beautiful every day, because she gets her beauty sleep every night!) It's hard to stay awake when you snuggle down in brushed 'BRI-NYLON'—so blissfully light, so caressingly warm! Enchanting 'BRI-NYLON' slumber fashions are for simply every woman... in glowing new jewel colours, pretty pastels, too. For daydreaming, there's a bewitchment of robes and brunch coats to pamper you with thistledown warmth. And 'BRI-NYLON' is truly easy-care—wears like a miracle, never crumples, machine washable. ***The BRI is your protection.*** For top value, tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name!

Page 18



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1964

THE MEN WHO REFUSED TO MARRY EMILY MONTAGUE

With her beauty, personality,
and intelligence, it was hard to
believe . . . a short story

By **BARBARA
GERMOND**

ON her twenty-ninth birthday Emily Montague received an heirloom diamond bracelet; a salary increase to two thousand pounds a year; the untidy, dog-eared manuscript of a novel covering precisely five hundred and nineteen pages of cheap yellow paper; and two proposals—one for marriage.

She accepted the bracelet, the increase, and the novel.

But although she refused the proposals (the second would be more correctly classified as a proposition), it would be fair to say she was tempted to choose between them and say yes to one. For Emily was an intelligent girl; having tasted success, she was quite sure no quantity of it would keep her feet warm on a cold night.

To page 71

ILLUSTRATED
BY MAUDSON



Maudson

WOOLWORTHS

sale of mugs



WOOLWORTHS
YEAR OF
SURPRISES



MUGS 
BOWLS
RAMEKINS

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Slightly higher N. Territory.

Brighten your table (and brighten your appetite) with cheerful containers for cold-weather soups and drinks.

Woolies now have Australia's most decorative range of glazed pottery mugs, bowls and ramekins—all sensationally priced at just about HALF what you'd expect!

Come and see. The family will love them!

WOOLWORTHS
VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS

MONEY BACK CHEERFULLY
UNLESS COMPLETELY SATISFIED

Enjoy the full flavour of HEINZ SOUP and FLORIDA CLUB COFFEE more than ever by serving in gay new mugs!

THE JOURNEY

A short story

BY ENID GWYNNE



Ruth tried to smile understandingly as her son explained why he was leaving home.

His face had the worn look of anxiety, his voice the too-hurried rush of uncertainty. "Mother, you do understand, don't you, that it's only the journey?"

She knew him through like a book. Every shade and shadow crossing his face, every nuance changing the pace of his words. And the knowledge she had had to brace herself to break the news, understandable as it was—that he wished, at the age of twenty-three, to leave home and lead his own life gave a deeper edge to the blow.

Did he really think of her as one of those most despised of creatures—clinging mother? Was that how he saw her?

Ruth found her hands ceaselessly wiping a dish already bone-dry. When she could trust her voice to stay steady and beautifully warm she said: "Yes, of course I do realise—the journey's wretched." Theirs was a humdrum town twenty miles from the city.

The deep furrows beneath the crisp skin relaxed, and her son's words poured out in a quick burst of relief.

"That's okay, then. I'm glad you see my way." He pushed away from the dresser, the matter comfortably settled, and what she realised he must have regarded as the ordeal of "breaking the news," already forgotten. It was a journey for which she herself had been preparing for many years, his final journey from home.

Now the moment had come she was unprepared to face his departure as she had never made conscious effort to offset the loss when it occurred. The Townswomen's Guild, the Red Cross, the Rose-growers' Club, and her other interests, which she had steadily built up through the years as her defence, now seemed as thin and completely inadequate as summer clothes taken on a winter holiday.

Automatically Ruth slotted the knives into the baize-lined drawer, wiped her apron, shocked and shaken to find that no matter how determinedly you girded and schooled yourself to accept the inevitable, when the moment hit you all your high motives and sensible thinking were utterly useless. Useless for the simple reason that logic and sensible thoughts could never control your feelings. Your heart was a thing apart, hurt and made happy by the actions and words of other people, and it would take more than high-principled thoughts and sane philosophy to shift this onslaught of sadness.

Where was Geoff going? With whom was he proposing to share this flat? Had he thought of the cost? All the questions and points she longed to raise she stuffed back unasked. At least, thank heaven, she had sufficient wisdom to know that the quickest way to send him away for ever was to appear to put obstacles in his way. Let him never have reason to accuse her, either in silence or to her face, of resenting his going.

At the door he stopped, suddenly considerate in his new happiness. "I'll be home at weekends."

Ruth recognised his words as a loving gesture, encouraging her to be-

lieve that life would go on much as before. Perhaps he even believed he'd be back every week . . .

"To get a good meal and have your clothes washed and ironed—I know!" she teased lightly.

"Have a heart! I'm not that much of a heel."

She'd miss his laughter and fun; the sense of her own carefree youth, which she saw reflected in his love affairs and unpredictable enthusiasms that were as short-lived as they were crazy.

For twenty-three years Geoff had been the life in their house, and, without his cheerful whistling, eager coming and going, constant stream of new girl-friends, the house, with only Miles and her, was going to be as quiet as an old people's home.

Even the things she had fervently cursed in the past—the hanging of doors, the blare of the radiogram at fullest blast—now in retrospect seemed sweetly nostalgic.

In the sitting-room her husband's unimaginative face was already hidden behind the evening paper. Only the tick of the pretty Dresden clock on the chimney-piece and the occasional rustle of paper brought life to the room.

"Miles, Geoff's just told me he's leaving home."

"Umm?" Miles scarcely lowered his paper.

"Geoff—he's going to share a flat in town. He says it's the journey—but, of course, it's not really that. It's under an hour. Crowds of them do it. I suppose he thought it the kindest excuse."

"It was bound to happen sooner or later. It's a wonder he stayed home as long as he has."

The platitudes which habitually slid through Miles' lips had no healing power. They merely underlined the difference between them.

"You don't care, do you?"

His broad shoulders flicked with mild irritation. "Why must you always dramatise everything? You can't expect to keep the boy tied to your apron strings all through your life."

"I don't. I don't." Logically it was what she believed; what she wanted to believe; what she must believe, unless she was to despise herself completely.

It didn't need Miles to point out her weakness. No one was more conscious of her failings than she; no one more determined to accept the inevitable in a sensible fashion. But couldn't he see, couldn't he understand, that no matter how much she despised herself, it made no difference at all to her feelings? It was like losing part of herself. There was no denying that's what it was. An emotional severance beyond a man's understanding.

"I can't expect you to understand. Men—women—we just don't tick alike. I made that child. He's part of me. I know I can't keep him, just as I know I've got to accept the fact, but whatever I think or know to be right can't alter my feelings. Logic and emotion are two quite different things, and neither is capable of influencing the other."

"To hear you speak anyone would think I wasn't fond of the boy. Of course I'll miss him."

She leaned toward him, eager, hungry to have him share her sense of loss. Just to talk it over. That would be something. "Will you, Miles? Will you, Miles?"

"He's my son, isn't he?" The genial acceptance of the fact as he settled himself comfortably behind his paper again she recognised now as his general attitude to life.

Lucky Miles. Unimaginative. Unemotional. Undemonstrative. A good-humored Englishman who ate three meals a day, enjoyed a drink with the boys, and split his weekends between the car and the golf course.

To page 42



Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; they don't wash often enough.

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils—oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard your natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.



RX 1/03 WW122

Page 21



Birthday Child



The beauty of perfection... of choosing the best. A Nada toothbrush, Nylon or Natural Bristles, is superbly designed by Dentists to clean your teeth perfectly.

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Nada Junior Bristle	2/-

FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs to the basement workshop quickened the old workers into a little stir of liveliness. Grandpop Hendley, a grizzled old mule of a man, hastened down his ears and pretended not to hear. He knew who it was all right. It was Miss Diehl, the social worker at the Home, making her daily rounds of cheer.

At last Miss Diehl stood behind his chair. He kept on painting the toy automobile, letting on he didn't know anybody was standing there. Right where they'd left it yesterday in the social room, she took up their argument.

"The Board voted to have a birthday party at the Home every month—and you're the only birthday child in May," she argued. "The other old people will be disappointed."

"I tell you birthday parties are for kids!" he snorted. "Give your old birthday party if you want it. But don't expect me to come!"

"Surely you'd like a birthday present?" she coaxed. "A tie? A sweater? What would you like most?"

"I tell you I'm too busy"—he waved at the broken toys—"to waste time on pink tissue paper caps!"

She went away. Why did she have to ask him what he wanted? What he wanted was to go home, back to the cottage on Maple Lane. Of course, he couldn't. Tildy's last illness had used up their savings.

Fixing the toys for poor children was the one thing about the Home he liked. Back in the cottage he'd mended many a broken toy. He and Tildy never had any children, but on Maple Lane there'd been plenty of kids. Day in and out, the screen door banged with youngsters running in and out, eating Tildy's cookies, begging Grandpop Hendley to tell them a story. Sometimes the racket was almost too much for them.

Here at the Home it was the racket that he missed. It was quiet, too quiet. The wheezing, the creak of wheelchairs gave a new meaning to the creeps. It was no wonder old Mr. Simms took to hearing voices and had to be sent away. Since then Miss Diehl had run her smile ragged, trying to keep those cheeks up.

Next day Grandpop Hendley found no broken toys to mend. They'd all been cleared away! Grandpop Hendley knew what Miss Diehl was up to! Deliberately she'd taken away his excuse that he was too busy for pink tissue paper caps! He stormed upstairs. Somebody was in her office. On the side, a little boy was waiting, kicking his heels on the rung of a chair.

"My name's Johnny," the little boy volunteered. "I'll be six next Sunday."

"You don't say! My birthday's Sunday," Grandpop Hendley admitted. "What do you want for your birthday?"

An appealing short short story

By **HARRIET JACKSON**

tore the wrapping from his present and squealed with joy over the brand-new red truck.

"We have a birthday present for you, too," Miss Diehl suddenly said at his shoulder. "Johnny's mother needs someone to live with them. Someone who'll look after Johnny for room and board, so she can go to work. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Just what I wanted," Grandpop Hendley said. Misty-eyed, he took the vacant chair beside Johnny, ready to share with Johnny the best birthday anybody, man or child, could ask.

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An unforgettable face

Her face is strikingly attractive. Everything about her is that air of importance...elegance. Example—IBM Electric Typewriter and its faces—its four beautiful type-faces. Superbly designed letters and figures are embossed on the gleaming, jewel-like type-core of this extraordinary machine. She has long-since forgotten the old-fashioned typewriter she once used, with its tangling type-bars and heavy roller carriage. She chose the IBM Electric Typewriter because it increases productivity, reduces fatigue, is beautiful to look upon (those sculptured lines!). Above all, because it produces correspondence that makes an immediate, unforgettable impression — on sight. He's delighted.

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New night-light brilliance in after-5 fashions



NIGHTLIFE glamor is seen (above) in a superb tailored silver-lame shirt blouse. The shirt is worn with a sapphire-blue velvet skirt.

● Sparkle and glitter is the chic current choice for any easy, gay evening that's gala but not too formal. Dazzle looks new and beautiful in the night lights. Lames, brocades, colored and sparkling embroideries all go out after dark. Because of the lush glamor of the fabrics, designs are mainly uncomplicated. The shirtwaister, the restaurant suit, and a dress-coat or dress-jacket ensemble are just as versatile as basic black — and much newer. Worthy of note in the Maison Dior spring collection is a slender white chiffon dress and matching jacket, entirely crystal-embroidered and trimmed with the newest thing in glitter—plastic paillettes.

—BETTY KEEP

FLASHING big in nightlife fashions is a shirtwaister in sparkling fabric. At right this theme is portrayed in superb silver-and-blue brocade.





GLITTER dress and matching jacket (above) from Maison Dior. The ensemble is made in crystal-embroidered white chiffon. The hemline of the dress and waist and wrist of the jacket are finished with the plastic paillettes that tinkle in movement.



GLITTER blouse (above) bares the shoulders, covers the throatline, and is front-buttoned and collared. The blouse is brocade, the skirt taffeta.



VERSATILE as a basic black is the dress-jacket ensemble (left) made in gold lame tweed. The sleeveless dress has slight fullness. The jacket is short.

DIOR'S jewel-embroidered satin cocktail dress (right). The easy-fit bodice has the new full sleeves caught into a cuff at the wrists and finished with a fringe of beads.



HARDY AMIES calls the coat-dress ensemble (left) "Fireworks." The square-cut empire-line dress has a sparkly top matched to the revers of the coat.



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2869. Day and night pattern in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16, for 31, 32, 34, and 36 inch bust. Butterick pattern 2869, price 5/9 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Dress Sense By BETTY KEEP

● This two-in-one pattern includes a design for day and night. The pattern answers a style query from a Melbourne reader. Here is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have never worn a long frock and now want to make one. Not too formal a style, and I want to combine plain and floral fabrics. I also need a pattern for a woollen day dress with a fullish skirt."

Illustrated above are the two designs you required about, and they are both included in one pattern. The full-skirted evening dress combines a plain and printed fabric and the day dress is made in plaid wool.

"Could you provide me with a pattern for a small boy's suit to fit a chest size 21in.?"

Butterick pattern 2831 is for a boy's suit and shirt; the pattern includes long and short trousers, and short trousers with suspender strap. The pattern price, 5/-, includes postage. If you decide to order, please address letter to Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"Is it true a bride should wear something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue?"

This saying is simply a charming good-luck-whimsy which the bride may or may not decide to follow.

"I am making a frock with a high cowl neck in front and want to know how to finish the neck at the back. The frock fabric is chiffon."

I suggest a V-back neckline finished with a small self-bow trim.

"Is it correct for a bride to wear a gown with a low scooped-out neckline? I wish to follow this style because I want to convert my wedding gown into a dress for the ballroom after the wedding is over."

It is perfectly correct to have a wedding dress finished with a decollete neckline. Have you thought of having a detachable train fastened to the shoulder-line of the dress? This idea will simplify the converting of the wedding gown into a ballroom dress.

"Please assist me in altering the skirt of a wool suit. The skirt 'sits' badly at the waistline. I have some extra suit material."

You will improve the "sit" of the skirt if you put it on a shaped not-too-wide waist-band.



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deeper, too . . . with
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Exclusive V-shape
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FILM STARS—2nd generation



PETER FONDA



JANE FONDA



HENRY FONDA

• Jane and Peter Fonda, with their famous father, Henry—a star for more than 30 years—could be called Barrymores.

Jane, now 25, 5ft. 11 in., and Peter, 24, 6ft. 2 in., are the children of Henry Fonda's second marriage to New York socialite Frances Seymour Brokaw.

Jane has starred in "The Wild Side," "The Adjustment Woman," "The Cool of the Day," and "The Love Cage."

Peter, who has also starred on Broadway, has a lead opposite Sandra Dee in "Tammy and the Doctor" and a film contract.

Henry Fonda says, "I don't think I'll be stealing roles from me."



CONNIE BENNETT

• Gyl Roland (right) is the lovely daughter of Constance Bennett and Mexican actor Gilbert Roland.

Gyl and Mia Farrow (far right) are appearing together in a TV series, "Peyton Place," based on the best-selling novel.

Gilbert Roland, who is still on TV, first made his name in the "silents," staged a comeback in the 'fifties.

Gyl's mother, golden-haired Connie Bennett (herself an actor's daughter and sister of Joan Bennett), has never lost her star quality.

Five times married, she is still glamorous and famous.

Even in her mid-fifties she was starring in top night-clubs.

Page 28



GYL ROLAND



GILBERT ROLAND



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the late JOHN FARROW, and MIA (right).

• Mia Farrow, right, is the daughter of yet another "everlasting," Maureen O'Sullivan, and the late John Farrow, Sydney-born director of many fine films.

Mia, who's 19, has appeared in TV at home in America, and on Broadway. Now she is making her first film at England's Pinewood Studios.

She has taken over Britt Ekland's part in "Guns at Batasi." Britt left the film to join her husband, Peter Sellers, in America.

The Farrowes were married in 1936 and were regarded as one of Hollywood's happiest couples.

Maureen O'Sullivan was back before the footlights last year in the New York comedy "Never Too Late."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 20, 1963



● Sons and daughters of famous film stars are today following their parents' floodlit footsteps to stardom.

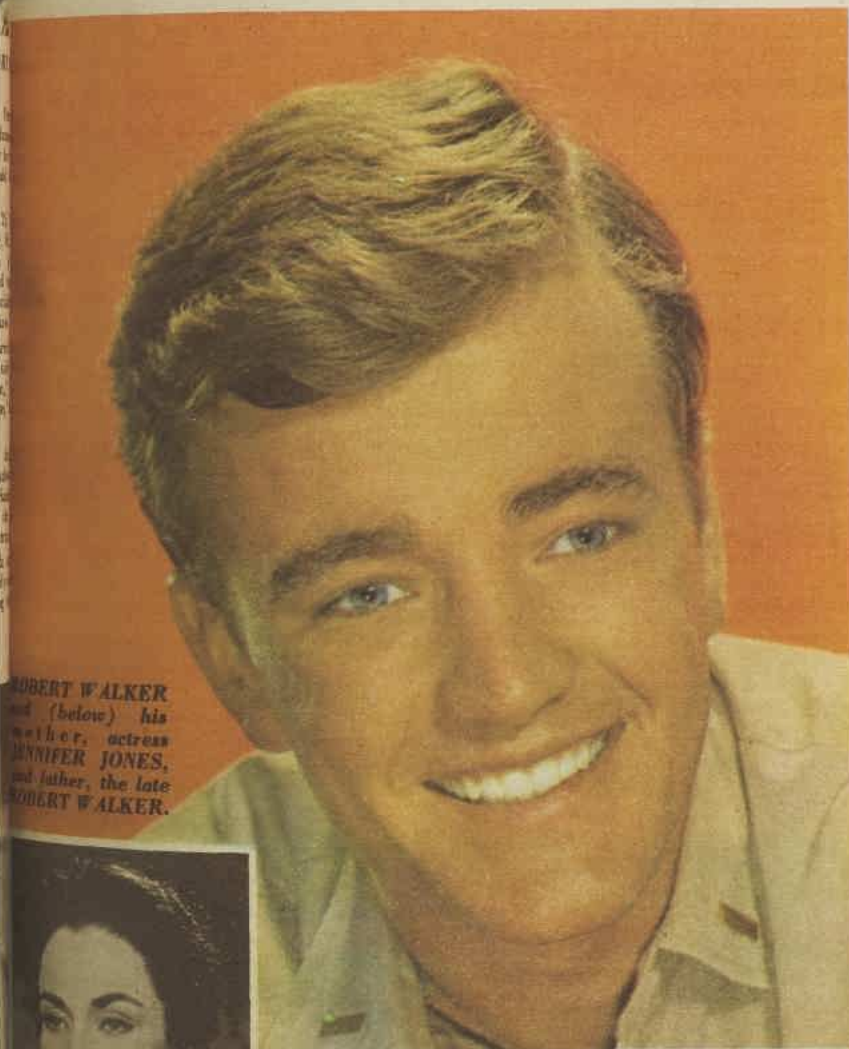
Following Mum or Dad, or both, into films is becoming a family tradition on both sides of the Atlantic.

In England there's Hayley Mills, Julia Lockwood, Vanessa Redgrave . . .

In America, it's even more routine. These second-generation stars are mostly the children of Hollywood marriages.

Along with their youth they bring to films talent and good looks . . . looks that frequently revive the glamor and youth of a famous star, Mum or Dad — or both.

RIGHT: CLAUDIA MARTIN (left) and NANCY SINATRA.



ROBERT WALKER (below) his mother, actress JENNIFER JONES, and father, the late ROBERT WALKER.



● When Robert Walker, 23, walked on to the set of "The Hook" to make his film debut it was as if his father, the late Robert Walker, had reappeared . . . the likeness is so strong.

Young Robert's father starred in "A Love Story" and many other films.

His mother is Academy Award winner Jennifer Jones.

● Peter Ford, right, looks more like his dancing, willowy mother, Eleanor Powell, than his actor father, Glenn Ford. They divorced five years ago.

Peter, 17, 6ft. 2in., and still at college, is about to make his film debut with Glenn in "The Out-of-Towners."

Though this is Peter's first film role, he has been on TV, including "Dr. Kildare."



DEAN MARTIN



FRANK SINATRA

● Claudia Martin (left, above), 19-year-old daughter of Dean Martin, and Frank Sinatra's daughter, Nancy (right, above), are appearing together in the film "For Those Who Think Young."

Claudia, a child of Dean Martin's first marriage, was spurred into films by columnist Hedda Hopper's suggestion that she was spoiled by Dean and could, if she liked, become a star.

She enrolled in drama classes. Now she is making her film debut, and she hopes one day to be "as great an actress as Bette Davis."

To increase her knowledge of the entertainment world, Claudia joined a publicity firm as a stenographer.

"I learned more in a year there than in 18 years from Dad," she says.

● Nancy Sinatra, 23, the eldest of Frank Sinatra's three children, recently received a telegram that read: "This could be the start of something big. I love you. Dad."

This telegram marked Nancy's film debut, with Claudia Martin.

Nancy began early to learn her job—11 years of dancing lessons, eight at the piano, five years of voice, singing, and acting lessons.

She attracted attention when she sang on a TV spectacular with her father and Elvis Presley four years ago.

Since then she has appeared as a singer and actress on TV.

Nancy, wife of Tommy Sands, looks more like her mother, Nancy Sinatra's first wife, than like Frankie.

Continued overleaf

PETER FORD, with his parents (left), GLENN FORD and ELEANOR POWELL the dancer.





Jewelry by Van Dusen & Associates

HOW TO MAKE YOUR EYES LOOK LIKE EYES

You use these three Revlon products including new Eye Velvet. You give your eyes the new look for '64—deep, daring, slightly hypnotic.

 NEW EYE VELVET: You squeeze a dab of colour on your fingertip, stroke it smoothly from the inner corner, blending upward and outward across your eyelid. It will not streak or fade; stays velvety smooth for hours.	 NEW FABULASH: (For non-stop lashes.) You place brush against the base of your lashes and roll it upwards towards the tips. New Fabulash colours, separates and keeps right on lengthening your eyelashes until you say: Stop.	 NEW EYELINER: You dip brush in bottle. Then you draw a fine line with flat edge of the brush from inner corner of your eyelid to the outer edge, extending the line slightly upward. Already you see your eyes look twice their size.
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'EYE MAKERS A LA CARTE' BY

Revlon

Continued from previous page

THE SECOND GENERATION

● Patrick Wayne has a favorite actor — his father, John Wayne. Father and son are co-starring in "McLintock!" — which is Patrick's ninth film.

Patrick, now 24, is the son of Wayne's first marriage to Latin-American Josefina Saens. As soon as he was old enough to sit still, Patrick Wayne was taken to film sets while John was filming, and he earned his first acting salary as an extra when he was nine.

But it was many years later that he chose acting as a career instead of science.

He says that his father never tried to influence him.

"I feel greatly indebted to Dad for giving me a chance to act, and for any acting ability I've inherited from him," he says.

Patrick has appeared on several top American television shows and recently cut a record.

PATRICK WAYNE and father, JOHN WAYNE.



JULIE PAYNE (left) and (right) handsome father, JOHN PAYNE.

● Julie Payne, 23, who recently made her film debut in "The Best of Everything," bears a very strong resemblance to her good-looking father, John Payne.

Her mother, actress Anne Shirley, of "Anne of Green Gables," was the first of Payne's three wives. So there's stardom on both sides of Julie's family.

Payne himself went through a drama school, working as a nursemaid to six children to finance his classes.

His screen career began with romantic musicals—he sang and danced with Betty Grable and Alice Faye. Then he had a constant battle with directors to get away from "pretty boy" roles.

Finally he got his wish and was cast in masculine, sometimes "tough guy," parts — and recently his career has had a big boost by his appearance in TV Westerns.

Julie is engaged to Skip Ward, who is appearing in "Night of the Iguana."



MEREDITH MacRAE (right) and parents, SHEILA and GORDON.

● Meredith MacRae, eldest of the four children of Sheila and Gordon MacRae, has yet to make her movie debut, but she is an old hand of stage and TV.

Her parents have been popular in all three.

When she was four Meredith decided to be a singer.

Nowadays her ambition is to be an actress who can sing.

Her biggest break so far is as a regular in TV's "My Three Sons."

She has had lots of stage experience travelling in road companies of "Annie Get Your Gun," "Bye, Bye, Birdie," "Picnic."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964



NEW TASTE THRILL!

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- Preserves the wood

Obtainable at all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores. Also in 1-Gal. cans and 5-Gal. tapered drums for institutional and commercial use. A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.

KEEP Cold Free

Colds, coughs and 'flu are part of the miseries of life which you just grin and bear. Or do you? By taking Anti-Bi-San now you can build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu.

All you have to do to make sure of Anti-Bi-San protection is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. At the same time make sure all the family take their dose too—there is a special 3-tablet treatment for children.

So keep cold-free this winter and throughout the year. Take your Anti-Bi-San now—before colds get you in their grip.

ANTI-BI-SAN

Your defence against colds

7 tablets over 3 days for three months protection



Available at all chemists. Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors: POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LIMITED, 6-8 McLACHLAN AV., ARTARMON, N.S.W.

Sulky young
colours for
being a
devil in,
for being
adored in,
for being
perfectly
beastly in,
for being
pampered in,
for stopping
the traffic
in
etc.



SULKY YOUNG COLOURS

For being warm all over in, wonderful woolknits in soft, tender colours that interpret the young mood of the moment. Gentle, almost muted colours that are wool's alone. Available now in wool handknitting yarn and knitwear departments everywhere. Here: Apres-Ski suit by French Knit, Sweater by La Turista



THE LUXURY LOOK OF BEADING

How to do it: Complete four-page guide



NECKLINE of this evening gown has heavily jewelled and beaded trim. Detailed sketches of beading designs are on following pages, together with a simple beading pattern for beginners.

● Give your evening gowns the luxury look by beading one of the dazzling designs illustrated on this page. Beading expert Mrs. Dorothy Stephen gives step - by - step instructions, with designs for day and evening, in this four-page section.

Continued overleaf



SUPREMELY elegant evening gown beaded with pearls and crystals. Only experienced beaders should attempt the complicated pattern on the sleeves and lower edge of the jacket.



JEWELLED bodice of this lovely gown looks extravagant and is a simple repetitive pattern suitable for beginners. "All you need is patience — and a flair for sewing," says expert Mrs. Dorothy Stephen.



DEBUTANTE GOWN which Mrs. Stephen designed for a young friend. Scattered sprays of stems and leaves with pearl and diamante flowers give elegance to a basically simple gown of white satin. Beading is shown off to best advantage on dresses cut on simple, clean-cut lines.

BEADING FOR BEGINNERS *(from page 33)*

● The newest fashion lead from Paris is the beaded look. It appears at night in elaborately beaded evening gowns, and for late day on soft woolly cardigans and simple, well-cut shifts.

MODERN beading, says Mrs. Dorothy Stephen, is simple and regular in design. This makes it easy for beginners to learn how to do basic patterns and to achieve a glamorous effect with simple designs.

Mrs. Stephen, of Sydney, has been designing and beading dresses for nearly 40 years.

"Beading is always most attractive when the fabric is a plain color," she said. "Textured materials can be used, but the beginner should choose materials that are easy to handle."

"Wool is a good fabric to start with, or firm materials like Thai silk or faille. Don't attempt your first design on fabrics like chiffon, fine silks, velvet, satin, or tulle—they are difficult to work with."

"The beginner could border a linen or cotton shift with regular bands of dead-white chalk beads. A one-inch band at the neck and four-inch band at the hemline looks most effective."

Mrs. Stephen designed the

beaded shift (illustrated on this page) in a simple, easy pattern for beginners.

Mrs. Stephen gives these tips for successful beading:

● When sewing on beads (all except crystals) use a double strand of No. 40 cotton and a No. 10 or 11 needle. If

you use a double thread the beads will stay firmly on the dress.

● For sewing crystals, use the very finest fishing line available — not cotton, as the facets of the crystal will cut through it.

● Begin your design with a

thread in a matching color, then tear transfer away.

● Always measure designs carefully. Regularity is the keynote of good beading, so make sure there are equal numbers of small beads surrounding the central stone if the design is to be repeated.

● If you are beading a design round a curved hem or neckline, make sure the beads follow the line of the edge of the garment.

● Beaded dresses should be dry-cleaned, never washed. Keep in a large plastic bag in your wardrobe.

Young day dresses in linens and cottons should have simple designs, using beads with a dull finish (wooden or white chalk).

Tall girls should embroider a deep band of beading on hemline to minimise height.

Short girls should choose plain frocks with a vertical beaded design.

Debutantes look best in simple designs in small pearls and crystals. Repeat the design fairly closely on the bodice, and at wider intervals on the skirt.

Brides look magnificent in gowns beaded with pearls and crystals, heavily encrusted at neckline, bodice, and hem.

Mrs. Germaine Photios, of Melbourne, who learnt to bead in a convent in her native Belgium, offers these hints for beginners:

● Buy a small piece of felt to rest the beads on. Make sure it is a color that will show the beads clearly.

● It's a good idea to practise picking up the beads with a needle from the felt pad. Don't spread out too many beads at once — a dozen at a time is quite enough.

● Place design on the material, tack round the outline with a fine needle, then bead over the tacking and fill in.

● Use five or six varieties of beads, and make sure that they blend with the material and with each other.

● Make sure the feature pattern is always in the centre of the design.

Continued overleaf

BELOW is a list of the most popular beads used. Prices given are approximate and vary from State to State.

Seed	2/3 pkt.
Bugle	2/- pkt.
China	2/- pkt.
Drop	2/6 doz.
Cut	2/- pkt. (all sizes)
Pendants	5/6 doz.
Crystals	3/6 to 6/- doz. (all sizes)
Drop pendants	8d. to 3/- each
Drop wedges	5/6 doz.
Crystal pendant drops	1/3 to 1/7 each
Flat 2-hole dress stone	2/- and 3/- doz.
Crystal teardrops	3/6 doz.
Diamantes	9d. to 2/6 doz.
Pearls	6d. to 1/- doz.
Drop pearls	4/- to 5/- doz. (white & colors)
Dress cabochons	2/- and 3/- doz.
Dress stone crystals	4/6 and 7/6 doz.
Glass drops (clear and colored)	2/3 doz.
Cup sequins	2/3 pkt.
Flat sequins	1/6 to 2/6 (in five sizes)

double knot or double stitch to hold beads firmly.

● Use an ordinary straight running stitch to sew beads on. A back-stitch is used only when it is necessary for the beads to "roll" (see page 36).

● Do not end off after sewing on each bead. If possible, finish the whole motif with one length of thread, then end off with a knot.

● All fabrics which are to be beaded must be lined with taffeta or material of similar weight. Take stitches through to the lining, except on the neck and sleeve facings. When beading is finished, neaten the inside by sewing in an extra lining of soft silk.

● If you use a large dress stone, make secure by sewing it on with a small silver seed bead (see page 36).

● Beginners are advised to use a transfer for their first designs. Do not draw on to fabric, but tack with a single

Fashion FROCKS



● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"ELLA." — Smart frock for the young matron is available in pink, black, turquoise, and lilac wool frocking.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 34 and 36in. bust, £7/13/6; 38 and 40in. bust, £7/16/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 34 and 36in. bust, £5/8/6; 38 and 40in. bust, £5/10/6. Postage 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 71. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



SHIFT is beaded with two sloping panels finished with bows and a deep band round the hem. Small white chalk beads are used and the lines of beads are exactly 1-8th of an inch apart. Measure the distances carefully and tack the first line before beading. If you're used to sewing, you can judge the other lines, if not, it's better to tack each line.

DESIGN FOR KNITWEAR

● The simple motif below, specially designed for The Australian Women's Weekly, is ideal for beading knitwear.

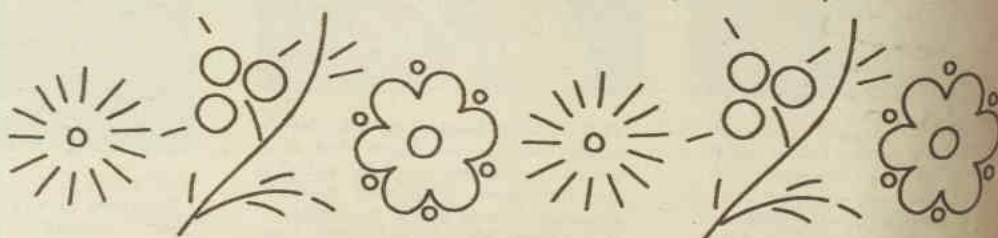
EACH motif can be used separately or the whole can be repeated to form a straight border or curved as a neckline border on a sweater or cardigan.

Trace the motifs on to tissue paper, arrange them on knitwear, then tack.

THE DAISY MOTIF can be worked in bugle beads with a pearl centre.

THE SPRAY, worked first with a single strand of embroidery silk, can have pearl or colored gem flowers, with bugle bead or seed bead leaves.

THE ROUNDED FLOWER MOTIF can have a colored gem, pearl, or crystal centre, the outside of the flower worked in seed beads, with tiny crystals surrounding it.



NEW FROM SUNBEAM!

AN IRON THAT SPRAYS



AND STEAMS

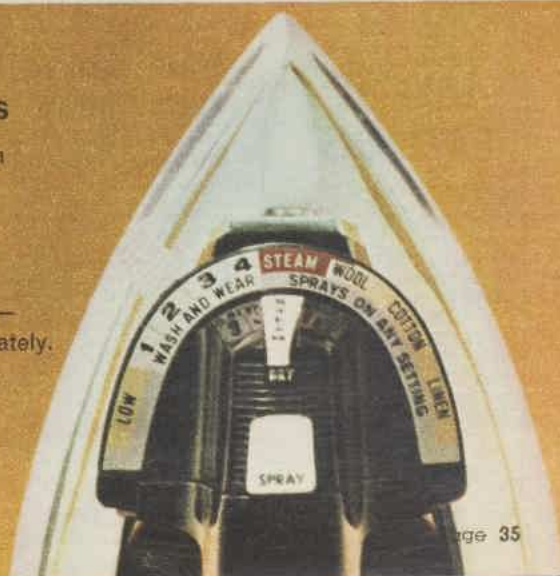
NEW *Sunbeam* SPRAY AND STEAM IRON

It's an iron that sprays . . . and with it you can say good-bye to tedious damping-down forever. No matter how creased your ironing, at a touch of the thumb you can spray away wrinkles like magic. Not just a new iron but a whole new ironing concept, this new Sunbeam irons dry, it irons with steam, and it sprays! Be sure to try this amazing 3-in-one iron. It will give you the long, trouble-free service you expect from every Sunbeam appliance. £11.19.6.



SPECIAL HEAT SETTINGS

Like every Sunbeam iron, it has special heat settings to let you iron nylon, terylene — in fact all the new fabrics — safely and immaculately.



Love Letters

Hovis Bread presents number 1 in a series of famous love letters for your enjoyment.

ANNE SOLEYN TO HENRY VIII (from the Tower, before her execution): Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to excuse I am altogether ignorant . . . Never a prince had a wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection . . . For the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than on your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient (I know) to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my desert and desire . . . My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor Gentlemen, whom I understand are likewise in strait prisonment for my sake.

GOLDEN Hovis
First baked in England, 1898.
there's 4d. worth of wheat germ in every loaf

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK

When faulty kidney elimination is a contributory cause of your rheumatism in the back, De Witt's Pills are recognised as a helpful treatment. World-famous De Witt's Pills are an effective diuretic and they contain a mild antiseptic to safely correct minor bladder infections.

Start a course today. Like thousands of sufferers before you, within twenty four hours you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills have commenced their beneficial action. 9/6 and 5/9.



De Witt's Pills

FOURTEEN FATHOMS BELOW



Fourteen fathoms below the sea!
An awkward place for a man to be!
When suffering from cold or 'flu,
There isn't much one can do.
No use seeking quick relief
Inhaling from a handkerchief.
Ahoy for Woods'—that great compound,
It's a diver's friend when colds abound.

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Quickly relieves sore throats and winter ills.

LAYETTE PATTERNS

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

The set—price 3/6, post free—includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

Please print names and addresses clearly.

When children seem "nervy" try this, mother, for recovery overnight

Most children don't realise the importance of keeping "regular". When they seem off-colour, grumpy or tired (or lose their appetite) wise mothers suspect temporary constipation. Keep the easiest answer in your medicine cupboard—Laxettes. Laxettes are squares of delicious chocolate that contain tasteless phenolphthalein, the gentlest, surest laxative known. Easy to give. Easy to take. No water. No spoons. No griping. No embarrassing urgency. Just Laxettes at night—and tomorrow an easy thorough motion and a happy, healthy child. Only 3/3 at your chemist, in a new pack that protects the chocolate. When Nature forgets—remember Laxettes.

Continuing

BEADING: Four



● This delicate and easy-to-do pattern is suitable for a bridal or debutante gown.

THE basic design is worked in embroidery silk—dividing the silk into four strands, and using only one of the strands.

THE FLOWERS are made from a central diamante (or rosemontic, which has four holes), surrounded by eight small silver beads. Make each flower different, using pearls for one, diamante for another, etc. Fasten off with a knot after finishing each flower.

TINY SPRAYS are made with tiny silver beads with a pearl each side, or simply with seed pearls; 1-8 in. apart.



● Although this looks a complicated design, it is simple and repetitive and is easy enough for beginners.

THE spacing of the motifs (the large dress stones surrounded by smaller beads) depends on the style of the dress. If it has a simple bodice like the one illustrated it can be heavily encrusted. More elaborate designs should be sparsely beaded.

THE BORDER (see diagram) is also simple and follows the cut of the neckline. Sew on two rows of small bugle beads. Then tack an arc, with the centre of the arc $\frac{1}{4}$ in. below the bottom row of bugle beads. Repeat the arcs, with $\frac{1}{4}$ in. space between them, round

the neckline. Sew a row of bugle beads over the tacking, then a row of seed beads, another row of bugle beads, then two more rows of seed beads. Fill in the centre of the arc with three rows of seed beads. You can use silver or gold seed beads, or tiny coloured ones to match the fabric of your dress.

Between the junction of the arcs sew a large diamante, and surround it with tiny silver (or seed) beads.

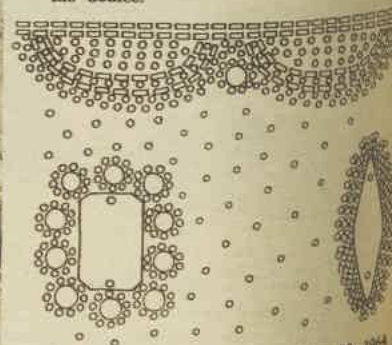
DRESS STONES. Where you place the large dress stones depends on the particular design you require. Cut a piece of tissue paper to the size of the bodice. Arrange the stones on it. Then, if you like the effect, sew a small stitch through the tissue paper on to the fabric to mark where the stones will go. A geometric, regular design gives the best result.

In this design, two basic stones are used—a large oblong stone and one which has an elongated diamond shape. Each large stone must be sewn on with a small silver bead to keep it firm (see diagram).

OBELONG MOTIF. The oblong stone is surrounded by 10 small diamante clusters, each consisting of a central diamante surrounded by 10 seed beads.

DIAMOND MOTIF. The elongated diamond-shaped stone is surrounded by 10 tight loops of bugle beads. These loops are made by pushing the needle through to the right side of the fabric, then threading five or six small bugle beads on to the needle. Then you pass the needle back through the same hole to give the loops a "roll".

After sewing on all the motifs, sew tiny silver or seed beads at $\frac{1}{4}$ in. intervals all over the bodice.



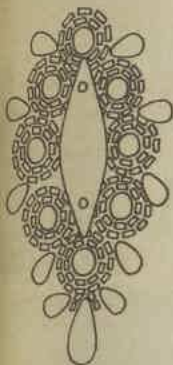
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 20, 1964

designs in detail

*Complete instructions for beading
the four designs on page 33*

N.B. Diagrams are actual size, photographs are enlarged.

● Diamond and square-shaped stones
border the neckline of an evening dress.



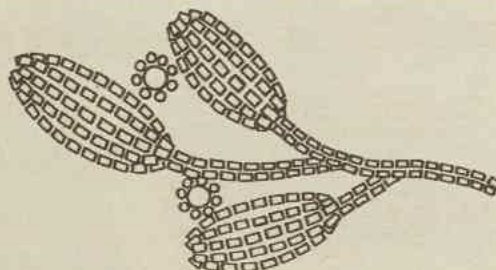
THE design is a simple one, consisting of a repetitive pattern of elongated diamond-shaped stones and square stones (turned at an angle), surrounded by clusters of diamante and seed beads and teardrop pearls.

DIAMOND MOTIF. Sew the larger dress stone on first, securing firmly with small beads. Then sew on the central diamante of a surrounding cluster and surround with two rows of silver or gold seed beads. To sew on these small beads, pick up 10 on the needle at a time, position them, then sew down firmly two or three times. Sew a small teardrop pearl between each of the eight clusters.

A larger teardrop pearl is sewn on at the bottom of the motif and secured each side by two small seed beads.

SQUARE MOTIF. Repeat the design round the square stone, surrounding it with seven clusters.

THE BORDER is simple — two rows of small gold or silver beads, the arc filled in with silver sequins and bugle beads, and banded by bugle beads.



● The design at base of jacket (below)
is not for beginners.

THERE are a series of horizontal panels between carefully measured borders of bugle beads and pearls.

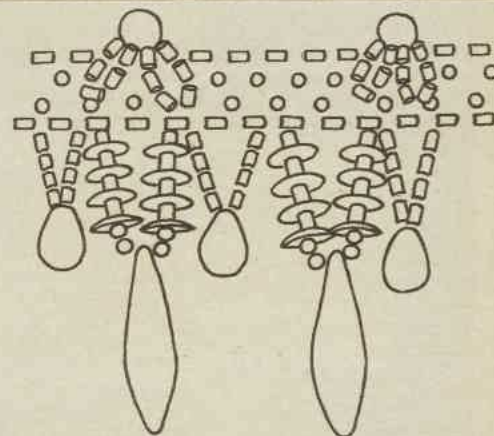
Do the borders first, three inches apart. To give a firm base for the suspended beads, run one strand of three-ply wool under the border, between the fabric and lining, stitching it in place at intervals.

THE BORDER. Sew a row of bugle beads first, then underneath sew two rows of seed pearls, then another row of bugle beads.

PEARL MOTIF. Above the border, at one-inch intervals, there is a pearl motif (a medium-sized pearl with two loops of six small beads each, threaded through the pearl), similar to the crystal motif in diagram below.

CRYSTAL DROPS. Along the bottom of the border, the design begins with four small bugle beads threaded through each side of a cut crystal drop. Continue with the next motif without ending off (see diagram above right).

PEARL DROPS. The next motif is four small bugle beads alternating with four cup sequins (convex side facing up) on each side of a large fancy pearl drop, which is firmly secured on both sides by two seed pearls (see diagram above right).



Repeat these two motifs all along the border, 1-8in. apart, using fishing-line for extra strength.

SPRAY. Between each border there is a spray of flowers and leaves (see diagram, above left). Each spray has three leaves, worked in small bugle beads. The large leaves have a row of nine beads along the centre lengthways, then 10 beads each side curving round to form the leaf shape, then 11 beads on each side of those. Stems are also worked in bugle beads. The flowers have a large pearl centre surrounded by seed pearls. You can add a teardrop pearl and crystal drop on each side of the flower (see picture).

The sprays are spaced midway between the borders, approximately two inches apart. You can add, between the sprays, a simple motif of a large pearl suspended with four bugle beads each side, with a crystal, suspended from two seed pearls, on each side of the pearl. (See picture.)

● The border at the top of the jacket
(enlarged illustration above) is easy, can be
used as a basis for a variety of designs.

TO keep the lines of beads level, measure the distance required with a tape measure, pin at intervals, then tack a straight line.

THE BORDER. Sew the first row of tiny bugle beads, using double 40 cotton, along this line. Underneath the spaces between the bugle beads sew a row of tiny pearls. Follow this design with another row of pearls, then bugle beads.

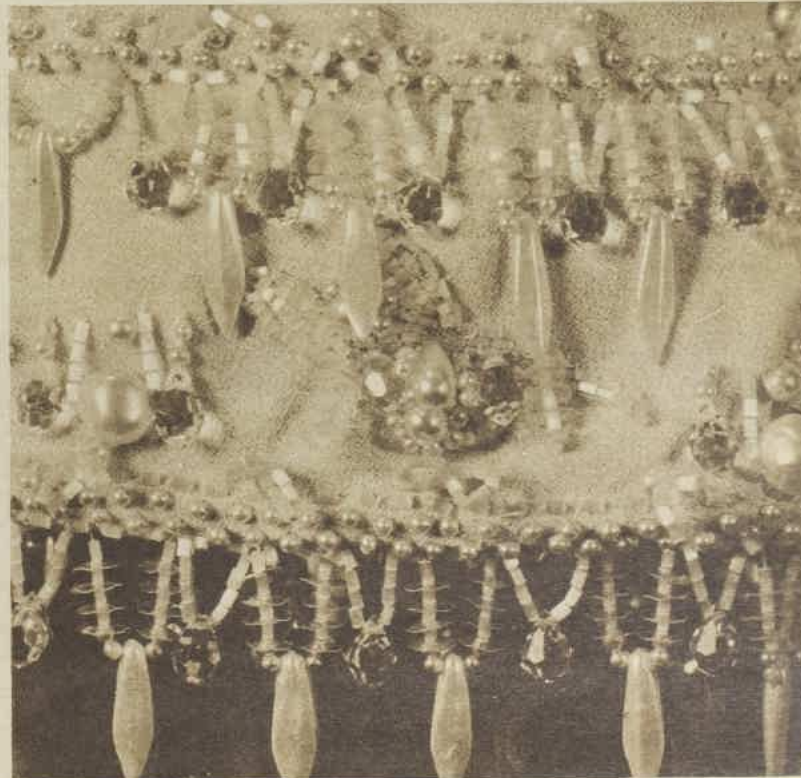
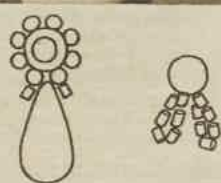
There are two rows of pearl clusters beneath the border (see diagram below right).

The first row is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below the border, and the top of each cluster in the second row is level with the bottom of the pearl drop in the first row.

Then there is a row of crystal and bugle bead motifs and a single row of pearl clusters, repeating the design.

PEARL CLUSTERS. Sew on the central pearl first, and without breaking the cotton surround it with eight seed pearls, still using a running-stitch. Then thread the needle with a small bugle bead, a teardrop pearl, and another small bugle bead, and sew on firmly (see diagram below right). If you have enough thread, continue on to the next cluster without ending off.

CRYSTAL MOTIFS. Use the finest fishing-line for the medium-size crystal (crystal beads cut through even the strongest cotton), and thread six small bugle beads, making a loop through the hole in the bead, stitching firmly underneath. Make another loop the same way (see diagram, right).



MILK



in its most convenient form

as
milk



Dilute creamy-rich Carnation with water for pure milk. One tall can makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints. Wherever a recipe calls for milk, use diluted Carnation.

as
cream



Pour creamy-rich Carnation Evaporated Milk straight from the can to cream coffee, soups, fruits and favourite desserts.

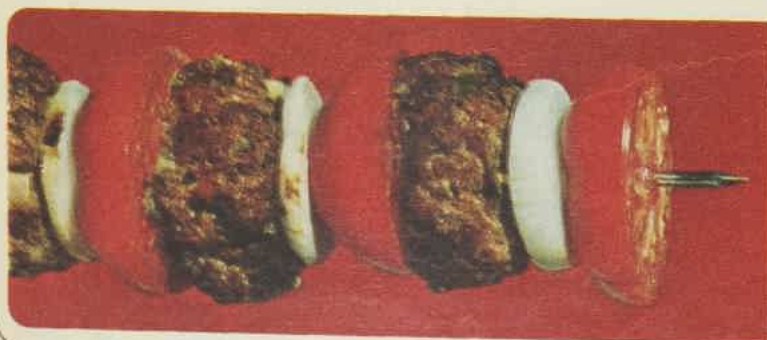
even as
whipped
cream



Carnation Milk is so creamy rich it whips like cream! First, chill the Carnation Milk well. Add sugar, a little lemon juice and vanilla to taste.

Carnation Evaporated Milk is simply good, fresh, whole milk concentrated to double richness by removing part of the water. It's an ideal all-purpose milk. You can use Carnation Milk for cooking, creaming coffee and desserts, as a whipped cream topping, and you can drink it. Carnation Evaporated

Milk is always pure. It's sterilized not once, but twice—the second time after the can is sealed. Unopened cans stay pure and fresh indefinitely in the hottest weather—even without refrigeration. Enjoy the convenience of Carnation Evaporated Milk—keep plenty on hand, ready for immediate use.



THE EXTRA-TASTY, JUICY FLAVOUR OF THIS RECIPE DEPENDS ON CARNATION—NO OTHER FORM OF MILK WILL DO

HAMBURGERS ON A STICK

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 1 egg; $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. mince meat; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine breadcrumbs; $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper; 1 teaspoon dry mustard; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated onion; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper (optional).

Combine all ingredients. Mix well. Make 24 small hamburger balls from meat mixture. Put tomato half, hamburger ball, thin onion slice, another hamburger ball and second tomato half on each of 12 skewers. Grill on each side for about 5 minutes. Serves 6.





LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

What is fair board?

IN reply to "Fair To All" (W.A.), whose daughter unwillingly pays 35/- board from a clear wage of £6: This is my first year as a wage-earner and I pay one-third of my wage as board. My friends do the same and agree that this is fair to ourselves and our mothers.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Reberlin, Subiaco, W.A.

IN my opinion board should be based on the cost per head of running the house. At our place this would amount to: food 45/-, gas 5/-, electricity 7/6, totalling £7/6 per week. When your daughter is older she would have more for herself and be more able to handle it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. W. Stevens, East Malvern, Vic.

IF, in their spare time, they help in the house, I don't think it fair to charge more than £1 a week. On her days off my daughter does all the cooking and helps with the work, while my son cuts wood, mows the lawn, does all repair jobs, and works in the garden. If your daughter does not help, then it is fair she should pay board.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Sanders, Millmerran, Qld.

THE most workable division of income seems to be into quarters. One-quarter of actual "take home" salary for general expenses, one for board, one to save, and one for clothes and entertainment. As the salary rises, so must the board.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Reid, Upper Fern Tree Gully, Vic.

I WOULD want at least £2/10/- a week, especially if I did the washing and ironing. Out of this amount I would bank 10/- a week until the son or daughter married, when the money would go toward the wedding reception or a present.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Alma Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

WHEN my son started work we decided one-quarter of the amount left after superannuation and tax had been deducted was reasonable enough board.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Corp, Hampton, Vic.

IF she leaves everything to Mum and expects to raid the fridge when entertaining, 35/- is quite fair. But, if helpful about the house and prepared to bring home extras for snacks and suppers when her friends call, then £1 a week is fair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Hallett, Portland, S.A.

Learning to drive

I AM a woman of 60 with an invalid husband and have just learned to drive a car. A good instructor is a necessity. The panel-beater's charges for damage sustained while the boys tried to teach me would later have covered the instructor's fees. The freedom to move about is making a noticed improvement in both my husband's and my outlook.

£1/1/- to "Delighted" (name supplied), Mitcham, S.A.

A tingy scalp means rain

FOR as long as I can remember I've always been able to forecast rain. When my scalp begins to itch and tingle I say "rain soon." Even though the weather-man has forecast "fine and sunny," I know it will rain within 12 hours, or, at the most, 24 hours. It's never failed. Any others with a barometric head?

£1/1/- to "Weather Wise" (name supplied), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Now she's a mother-in-law

MY son had just been married and amid all the congratulations, etc., that were flying around, someone said to me, "Now, my dear, instead of being a proud mother, you've become that dreadful thing, a mother-in-law. How are you going to like that?" I admit that it shocked me, and wondered if suddenly my daughter-in-law was going to regard me as that "dreadful thing" instead of what I had always been — Tom's mother.

£1/1/- to "Tom's Mum" (name supplied), Albury, N.S.W.

Problem of relationship

WHAT relation would you make of these people to each other? My father's three cousins (all brothers) married three sisters. A sister of the brothers married a brother of the sisters, and a niece of the brothers married another brother of the sisters.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. V. Johnston, Swanfels, Qld.

Getting the answers

MY family used never answer questions in my letters home — until I began underlining them and putting a question mark in the margin to indicate a question needing an answer. With this quick reference I now have all the answers I want.

£1/1/- to M. Leigh, Roseville, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"COME and see Hugo on the swing," my wife said. "Have we got a film in the camera?"

No, we did not have a film in the camera. So the sight of Hugo Potts (aged 2) on the swing was not preserved for future years.

The reason we had no film was that our enthusiasm for photography has died down.

When we first had the camera we shot off films right and left. My wife found out about exposure times and f numbers. We even bought a filter to get "dramatic" cloud effects.

Portraits were our speciality. We studied the work of photographers like Karsh of Ottawa and Cecil Beaton to pick up points.

We noticed how they showed men doing things with their hands—lighting cigarettes, gripping the backs of chairs, waving their spectacles.

We also looked carefully at glamorous photographs of ladies in magazines. Some of these ladies had their hair blown about by the wind; others had big hats on. There were

some with mad little laughs, others with sulky, brooding looks.

Not least, we gave attention to photographs of children. We saw children holding teddy-bears, sitting on swings, or eating puddings.

For a while we hoped we would have Karsh and Beaton worried.



Why, then, after such a keen beginning, did our camera zeal peter out? I'll tell you: we got tired of taking pictures of the same people.

My wife photographed me gripping the backs of chairs and waving my spectacles. I photographed her with windblown hair and giving mad little laughs.

We both photographed the children with teddy-bears, on swings, and eating puddings.

Then we did the same thing over again.

OVER-EXPOSED

However much you like your family and yourself, you cannot go on stockpiling snaps of them and yourself indefinitely. Especially when it costs money.

By the time we had filled a couple of albums we were feeling over-supplied.

Most amateur photographers run into the same trouble.

One remedy is to increase the size of the family. We did this, and after Baby Pip came there was another burst of picture-taking. But it was only temporary.

Camera owners who have enough family portraits can do either of two things.

The more artistic ones take pictures of other subjects. These are usually views, old ladies with wrinkled faces, girls in bathing suits, dewdrops clinging to spider webs, or kittens inside boots.

The other course is simply to take fewer photographs. That is what we have done. But I think it is time to start again. We have no picture of my eldest daughter in her new jockey cap, or of Pip riding the dinky. These are things that should be recorded.



• According to a survey taken in England, the Beatle craze has led to less drinking by young people.

If you shudder at The Beatles
And are fearful for the young
Lest their passion send them crackers—
Check your criticising tongue.

Heed the words of someone calmer
Who's discovered (Yeah! yeah! yeah!)
That this youthful hero-worship
Is a substitute for beer.

Likewise, too, will wines and spirits
Be in consequence eschewed
Now, and maybe in the future,
By your Beatle-loving brood.

Not that alcohol consumption
Will decline, as you may think.
Watch that coming June shemozzle
Drive the older mob to drink!

—Dorothy Drain



Nappies guided the plane

WHILE on holiday where the owners of the neighboring property were the proud parents of twins, I was intrigued to see a line of snow-white nappies put out as guide marks for a crop-dusting plane. I thought that this might be of interest to other property-owners who also are the proud parents of twins.

£1/1/- to Doris H. Neame, Nowra, N.S.W.

Shoe-buying dilemma

IN this day of fast-changing fashions in shoe shapes and colors, is it better for a working girl to buy cheap shoes that can be worn continually for a short time and then discarded, or expensive ones that are saved for "good" occasions, and used over a long period?

£1/1/- to "Penny" (name supplied), Kedron, Qld.

I have to do it my way!

People just don't understand!
They think they can tell me everything... give me the benefit of their experience... make up my mind. But I have to do it my way. That's part of growing up.



Along the road to growing up, many girls face the Tampax decision. It's a very personal decision, and one that the girl must make herself. Certainly no one else can insist that a girl use Tampax, if she doesn't want to. If she does want to, it's because she realises the advantages of internal sanitary protection are very real. Invisible in place. No belts, pins, pads. No bulk, no odour, no disposal problems. Can be worn while bathing or showering. Almost eliminates differences in days of the month.

Tampax is far and away the leading brand of internal protection. Made of pure surgical cotton, lock-stitched for safety. Guarded by an applicator which ensures correct and hygienic insertion. Nicer, neater, easier to use. Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available in the standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

TAMPAX Internal Sanitary Protection

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

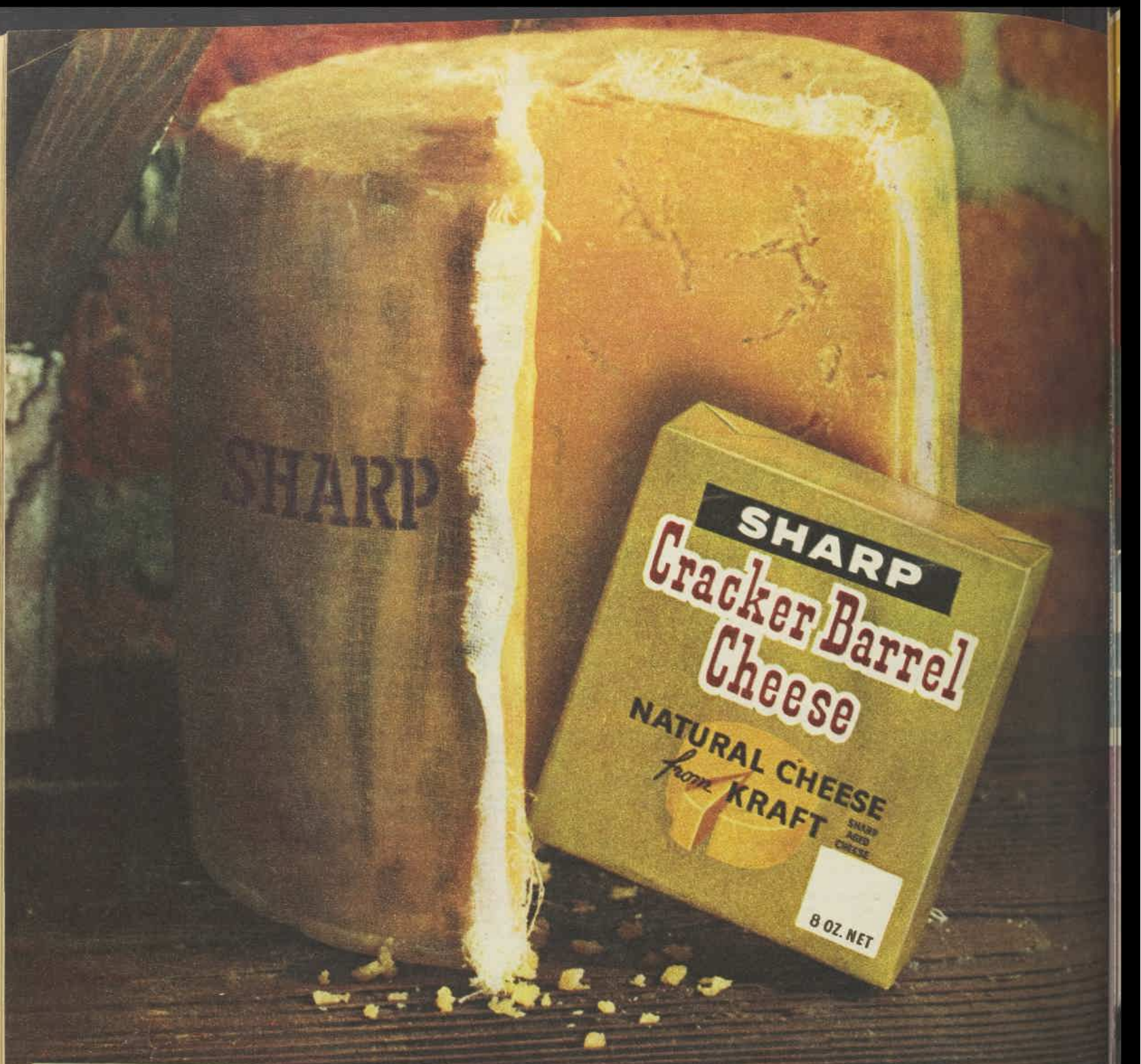
terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommended enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)
That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

MSA



Awarded top export honours for 1962/63.

Cut from the heart of old-style cheese ... and its flavour is sealed in foil

Here's real old-style eating cheese. The flavour is always perfect because it's sealed in foil. And you get the exact flavour you want, every time, because Cracker Barrel comes in 3 flavour-strengths — Sharp, Medium and Mild. Buy Cracker Barrel Brand ready-cut in 8-oz. blocks. There's no rind or waste — just the pure enjoyment of Australia's best natural cheese. From your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Cracker Barrel Cheese



for good food and good food ideas



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 20, 1964

Teenagers

WEEKLY



**CLIFF RICHARD and
SUSAN HAMPSHIRE**
—see page 2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Not to be sold separately.

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

Letters

Not ready for a "steady"

MANY girls moan because they haven't got a steady boy-friend. Well, my best friend and I are rather glad that we haven't.

A steady boy-friend isn't much fun at our age (16). He expects you to go everywhere he decides, but he can go out and have a time with the boys while little old you sits at home, maybe knitting a jumper just for him.

A steady boy-friend wants you to dance with him when he wants to dance, and sit in the corner beside him while he talks about cars, surfboards, etc., to his mates.

He dislikes it when you go off to talk to a girl-friend, so just imagine his reactions when you talk to a boy!

I suppose if the right kind of nice boy comes along, most likely I will change my mind, but until then I will remain playing the field. — "Surfer Girl," *Surfers' Paradise, Qld.*

Long goodbye

FOR 18 months I have been saving my old and worn-out stockings with only one thought in mind — to have the longest and strongest streamer when I realise my ambition to travel overseas. — "Long Legs," *Alfred Cove, W.A.*

Beatle school

I READ that a girls' school in Australia would not let the girls wear Beatle haircuts or Beatle badges or anything

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

to do with The Beatles. If they did, they were expelled.

Our school lets us put Beatle pictures around the room and even play records at lunchtime. You pay a small admission fee, which goes to social service.

This raises quite a lot of money, and it is also a much better way of handling the situation, as there isn't half as much trouble about The Beatles.

— Joane Carmo, *North Kew, Vic.*

Adults approve

THE BEATLES may be popular with the teenagers, but they are also popular with the teachers and older people.

At our school the teachers even set the students lecturettes to give on The Beatles.

My great-aunt Mary, aged 83, sits knitting and listening to The Beatles singing. She even hums the tune softly to herself. When asked if she liked The Beatles, she replied, "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" — Marian Lindsay, *Pomana, Qld.*

Dutch treat

AS an Australian teenager living in Holland I would like to tell readers a bit about this country.

Well, to begin with, the teenagers here are exactly the same as those in Australia. They have the same

interests and like the same music. At the moment everyone is wild about The Beatles, and if you don't like them you are regarded as a sort of outcast.

Most people seem to have the idea that in Holland everyone wears clogs or wooden shoes. This isn't true, as in my three months' stay here I have only seen a few farmers wearing them.

The Dutch boys and girls also have strange ideas about Australians. For some reason they think that every Australian possesses a boomerang and spends most of his time practising throwing it.

However, I try to give my Dutch friends an idea of how the Australian teenager lives by showing them copies of T.W. which my friends in Australia send me. — Miss D. Vogel, *Rotterdam, Holland.*

Bravo, Dellies!

I LIKE The Delltones better than The Beatles. They are better singers and are men, not insects. — Brian Bacon, *Redcliffe, Qld.*

Busy feet

THE girls who rule out office work "because I'd hate to sit down all day" amaze me.

Office girls in large stores are up and down to answer phones and customers' queries, check off accounts and payments.

A secretary is in and out of her boss' office (or looking for him for that important caller), moving back and forth from cupboards to desk, or filing documents.

Receptionists must greet people cheerfully — which can't be done by a far-away smile from behind a typewriter.

If you're the junior and only office girl, as I am, you'll do all these things

(and many more), including buying and making morning tea and going messages. If you can do all these things without walking, you must be on skates.

So your two job don'ts are:

Don't refuse office work because you hate sitting down.

Don't accept an office position because you want to be off your feet. — Mel Enright, *Maitland, N.S.W.*

Hikes? Bah!

"HIKER" (T.W., 8/4/64) is right in saying that hiking is a hobby "of endurance and a test of real outdoor skill." Our class realised that when we went on a hike, and as a result most of my friends and I now prefer to be lazy, non-walking teenagers.

True, we managed to see some wonderful views, but most of the time we were almost crawling along what seemed an endless, rock-strewn road.

"Hiker" and her friends must be a group of Amazons, for even the boys in our group were exhausted at the end of the day.

Incidentally, the girl who organised the hike did not turn up. — Wise girl! — "Blisters," *Merrylands, N.S.W.*

ON THE COVER

● CLIFF RICHARD and SUSAN HAMPSHIRE, who share song, dance, and romance in paradise locations on the Canary Islands for the Elstree Distributors' color musical "WONDERFUL LIFE." Starring with them, in this successor to "The Young Ones" and "Summer Holiday," are Walter Slezak, Dennis Price, and The Shadows, with several of the young people who made the earlier films. "Wonderful Life" should be released in Australia soon.

Next week...

- Begin Brian Henderson's "Bandstand" — a wonderful weekly feature on teenage show biz (more details on page 11).
- There's a hilarious cartoon story about beauty through a girl's life.
- A special story, illustrated in color, tells you all about Australian swimmer Murray Rose's first film.

No labels

IN the town I live in no one is called a tot or a jizzer. I've heard the term rocker applied only a few times, and the surfies are the kids who stick close to the beach and who don't bother putting their shoes on when they go to a dance.

I think that these crazes are very much over-exaggerated. I love jazz (it almost puts me into a coma), but I am not a jizzer. I spend a great deal of time at the beach and can ride a surfboard and do the stomp, but I'm not a surfer.

I like hit parades, The Beatles, rock-n-roll, the twist, and souped-up cars, but I'm neither rocker nor really in the clutches of Beatlemania.

As I enjoy them all, I'm not a square. When I go to a dance I dress up and the boys I go with let me know that they prefer this.

I don't think any of that is unusual. I think it is typical. Maybe teenagers do belong to just a single group, but I'm sure the majority enjoy more than one.

Anyway, if I'm wrong I don't care, because I might belong then to a craze — individualism. — Anne French, Devonport, Tas.

Book marks

AS a 15-year-old school-boy I find that reading is a pleasant pastime, and feel that books can be read to increase one's knowledge.

Personally, I like books about the Australian outback, animals, primitive peoples, and chemistry. Historical and geographical books are also very interesting.

However, books can be read for pleasure also, and many good mystery, crime, romance, adventure, and nature novels can be found in the town libraries.

What kind of books do other teenagers like? — Neville Rosser, Albury, N.S.W.

Think of old

WE are always reading how elderly people are forgotten or just placed in homes to spend the rest of their lives.

It's surprising how much happiness you can bring them by writing letters. I write to several and find their letters really inter-

esting. They can tell you about trips and of changes they have seen, and seem to get so much pleasure from hearing about your pets and outings. — Maureen Horton, Warragul, Vic.

School costs

PARENTS of school-children have to hand out a lot of money. My mother paid 4/- for the house sports, 3/- for the school sports, and there are many other outings.

We are going to a plastics factory and to a symphony concert soon, so that means more money to pay. Also, we have to bring money to school for form social service and other things.

My mother must spend pounds dealing out money for various outings. Could anyone suggest a way of cutting this down? — Suzanne Matson, Frankston, Vic.

BEATNIK



"Like, first The Beatles, now the bollet. I've never met such a fickle guy!"

Extra pocket-money — some suggestions

- Although she has a job, Elizabeth McPhee (T.W., 1/4/64) said she spent most of what she earned, and asked readers for suggestions as to how she could make some extra cash.

SHE should list the additional jobs she is able and willing to do — chauffeuring, knitting, art or craft work, hairdressing — to suggest possibilities. If she is really able in any of these fields or others, she could advertise to that effect in the local paper.

I know one girl, still a student, whose artistic abilities earn her extra money by doing specialised invitations and greeting cards. Also a boy who grows vegetable and flower seedlings and hawks them about the neighborhood. — P.C.G., Cheltenham, N.S.W.

SHE admits that most of her present earnings go on entertainment. I think it would be more sensible to cut down on entertainment costs than to look around for supplementary earnings.

I don't mean that she should sit home every

night feeling bored and becoming dull. Why not take up evening classes? Learning a language would be invaluable for travelling overseas, and what about gaining some additional qualifications toward obtaining a better job? — S. Gray, Claremont, W.A.

I SUGGEST baby-sitting, at which you can earn £1 or more a night, as the rate is usually about 6/- an hour.

Another advantage is that while you are sitting you can be sewing or knitting, and so earning more money. — Christine Eddy, Artarmon, N.S.W.

IF she is good at cooking she could make and sell mayonnaise or jams, and decorate and sell cakes for special occasions such as birthdays.

Another useful way of earning money would be to make Christmas or birthday cards. In fact,

last Christmas I earned about £2/10/- from the sale of Christmas cards made from pressed flowers.

She could also get a part-time job at weekends. — Beverley Thornell, Tyabb, Vic.

SHE is not alone in her problem of finding spare cash. I have been able to earn a little extra by sewing.

Often neighbors are grateful to have some sewing done for them, whether it be dressing a little girl's doll or making a simple dress for the teenager or mother. — D. A. Bird, Congupna, Vic.

MY father hates washing the car, so I make extra money by doing it for him.

I also save by putting every 3d. and 6d. I come in contact with in a jar. I have been doing this for two years and find it most worth while. — Wanda Mitka, Altona North, Vic.



COLORFUL "Admiral of the Fleet" helps Diane Robie (third-year Arts), left, and Patricia Hoppe (third-year Pharmacy) into the good ship Jolly Roger for a cruise on the Yarra. Watching is Geoff Gyles (final-year Law)

● Girls wearing large picture hats bedecked with flowers and feathers, long Edwardian gowns, and carrying parasols sat alongside boys in white flannels, striped blazers, and straw boaters — all sipping drinks, nibbling chicken legs, and enjoying a boating trip on Melbourne's Yarra. The forty merry-makers recapturing the past were members of Melbourne University's Monarchist Society, a society formed "to combat the growing seriousness of the University."



DOFFING straw boaters (right) to the girls are Ian Fairnie (standing, left) and David Fair-service (standing, right). The girls dressed in Edwardian costumes are (left to right) Penny Brown, Geraldine Morris, Elaine Counsell, Christine Hibberd.



MERRYMAKERS from the Melbourne University's Monarchist Society gather on the roof of the Jolly Roger to watch the "captain" of the boat, Nicholas Draffin (foreground, right), meet "Admiral of the Fleet" Ross Nankivell at Princes Bridge before they departed.

BOAT TRIP INTO THE PAST



SEATED in the bow of Jolly Roger (from left), Sally Madsen, Jean Kerr, and Amanda Drummond (all third-year Arts students at Melbourne University) enjoy drinks and a chicken lunch with Rod Fletcher (third-year Arts), Vice-Regent of the University's Monarchist Society, which arranged the "old time" afternoon cruise down the Yarra River.

FAMOUS TEENAGERS — By GEORGE MAXWELL

MILLIONAIRE FOUNDED FORTUNE IN TEENS

● "For its own sake, I do not care for money," Cecil Rhodes once told a friend. "But ideas are no good without money. I have therefore tried to combine the commercial with the imaginative, and up to the present I've not failed . . ."



CECIL RHODES

RHODES' formula for success went on working, too. With it he built up a fortune of many millions, which is still being used to enable outstanding students of the Commonwealth, the United States, and Germany to study at Oxford University.

Those who gain Rhodes Scholarships, of course, are selected for their excellence not only in scholastic attainment and their prowess at sport, but for their qualities of manhood, truth, courage, and leadership.

And these were some of the traits which Cecil Rhodes himself possessed in abundance—traits which helped to ensure that the seventh (born on July 5, 1853) of the Reverend Francis Rhodes' large family of twelve children was never just one of a dozen.

Cecil Rhodes was an individualist, stubborn at times to the point of being difficult, intelligent, and energetic.

He also inherited from his father, in addition that is to the prominent "Rhodes nose," a sensitive imagination, a shyness and a desire for seclusion which contrasted rather sharply with his other characteristics.

Illness changed life

He did not exactly set the Bishops Stortford Grammar School on fire scholastically. But he did show quite a keen interest, prophetically as it turned out, in the subjects of history and geography.

When he left school at 16 his father rather hoped he would enter the ministry. But fate, in the unwelcome guise of lung trouble, had other plans.

A London doctor, to whom the ailing lad was taken, advised sending him to a warmer, sunnier climate. Soon Cecil was on a boat for South Africa, where his eldest

brother, Herbert, had settled some years before.

The brother's attitude to farming was only lukewarm, and, in fact, he was away on a trip to the inland when Cecil's ship reached Durban.

Undeterred, Cecil managed to obtain a grant of 50 acres of land adjoining Herbert's farm. He wasted little time in settling down to make a success of farming.

Within a few months, and with the enlisted help of some Zulu workers, he had cleared about 100 acres of his own and his brother's holdings for cultivation with cotton.

The feat of getting Zulus to work was quite something in itself, and had the other colonials wide-eyed with wonderment. The native men of South Africa had little use for money, of course. And usually all the work at home and in the fields was done by their womenfolk.

However, when Rhodes found out that many of them needed at least enough money to pay a hut tax that had been imposed on them, he lent the natives the required amount in exchange for promises to work for him.

He treated his workers so well, and showed such a good psychological understanding of their primitive mentality in addition, that the Zulus did not once let him down.

The white settlers of South Africa scoffed at the idea of growing cotton, and the bugs and insects of Natal did, in fact, make short work of the Rhodes brothers' first crop.

But that did not worry Cecil. He planted another crop the following season, and this turned out to be a bumper. It not only made good the losses of the first crop, but showed a handsome profit.

Before it came time to plant a third crop, however, the lure of

newly discovered diamonds drew the brothers north to the Orange Free State.

Cecil threw himself into the new venture with his customary enthusiasm and energy. He quickly learned all there was to know about diamonds. He was one of the first to use a watchmaker's magnifying glass to detect the perfect from the imperfect stones.

He acquired shares in what were eventually to become the famous Kimberley diamond mines. And with the help of his old friends the Zulus (some of whom he had very wisely brought with him from Natal) he was soon making £100 a week.

"Fabulous" income

Not many adults make that sort of money even today. For a teenager of the last century it was quite a fabulous sum.

As a consequence, Cecil Rhodes was financially independent before he was 20, and had laid the foundations of the vast bonanza which was to follow.

When he did turn 20 he decided to return to England and sit for the entrance examination to Oxford University, having studied for this during the years he was making the £10,000 he jingled in his pocket.

He passed, and after further hard study and several more trips between England and South Africa eventually obtained his B.A.

Later, of course, came the shrewd amalgamations, partnerships, and acquisitions which were to give him control of the great diamond industry of South Africa—to say nothing of the social and political prestige and power he was to wield over the very destiny of the great country of his adoption.

Cecil Rhodes died in 1902. He is buried in a simple grave on top of the Matoppo hills in Rhodesia, the colony to which he gave his name.

• Even if women don't "rule the world" (officially!) they certainly have had hands in shaping its destiny and in entertaining it. The quiz below tests your knowledge of famous women, past and present.

By
JAYNE
O'FLAHERTIE

1. In 1949 the world's then greatest woman athlete—known as the Flying Dutchwoman—was beaten in a 100yd. sprint at the Sydney Sports-ground by a 17-year-old Australian girl. (A) Who was the Flying Dutchwoman? (B) Who was the girl who beat her?



QUESTION 1(A)



QUESTION 9



QUESTION 5

2. This woman in the Bible found that the strength of a man lay in the hair of his head!

3. A Broadway play and later a film—starring Ethel Merman—was made about the life of a famous American party-giver. Name her.

4. A sonnet beginning "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways," and dedicated to her husband, was one of this woman's most famous works. She died in 1861. Who was she?

5. This famous woman entertainer of the 'thirties is probably remembered best by those seagoers whose lives have been saved by equipment named after her.

6. Sister of a Prime Minister, she was the first woman to be elected President of the United Nations Assembly, in 1953.



QUESTION 9

WHO'S WHO?

A formidable debater and a champion of her people's rights, who is she?

7. Arrested and imprisoned countless times, this woman and her many followers campaigned for much of the equality that modern women enjoy. She died in London in 1928. Name her.

8. She may have had a sweet tooth—but that was not what this famous woman meant when she said, "Let them eat cake," about the starving population of France in 1789. Who was she?

9. Younger Australians may only remember her for the delicious dessert named after her. Born Helen Mitchell, she reigned at Covent Garden for more than 20 years as Australia's greatest soprano. Her name?

10. Known as "America's sweetheart" of the

skies," she was the first woman to fly the Atlantic solo. In 1937 she disappeared over the Pacific in her plane, The Flying Laboratory. Who was she?

11. Working side-by-side with her husband, this woman made history in the field of science. In

1903 she shared with her husband the Nobel Prize for Physics. Who was she?

12. An American politician, humanitarian, and stateswoman—from 1945 to 1952 she was a United States delegate to the United Nations, and in 1946 she was elected Chairman of the U.N. Human Rights Committee—this woman is probably best remembered, however, as helpmeet to an ailing President at a critical time in world affairs. Who was she?

• ANSWERS and HOW-TO-SCORE, see below.

TURN PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN FOR ANSWERS, SCORING

Score five points for each correct answer. All correct: Excellent. You have a good general knowledge of your famous forebears. 50-60 points: Very good. You won't let your side down. 30-45: Fair. 0-25: Brush the dust off your history text books and start reading up on your famous women.

SCORING

11. Madame Curie. 12. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

1. (A) The Flying Dutchwoman was Fanny Blankers-Koen. (B) The young girl, Marjorie Jackson. 2. Delilah. 3. Perle Mesta. 4. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 5. Mae West. 6. Mrs. Vijaya Pandita. Sister of Jawaharlal Nehru. 7. Emmeline Pankhurst. 8. Marie Antoinette. 9. Dame Nellie Melba. 10. Amelia Earhart.

ANSWERS

Teenagers' Weekly—Page 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—May 20, 1964

THE "COME BLOW
YOUR HORN" BOY:

Come 'dig' his clothes



FOR WINTER days Tony wears a seven-eighths-length double-breasted pale wool coat (left) featuring a dark-hued fur collar and slanted pockets. For relaxing Tony teams (below) heavy pale-colored corduroy slacks with a soft washable velours top.



● Clothes have
in the life of m
Australia recentl
mu

NOW, as an up-and-coming star who had a magnificent film wardrobe for his role as Frank Sinatra's young brother in "Come Blow Your Horn," he's expected to look "just right" on every occasion.

Indecision as to whether to take up an art, English, or acting scholarship after he graduated in 1962 from Notre Dame as a B.A. took Tony, with a letter of introduction, to Hollywood director Leo McCarey. Thirty-six hours later he had the co-starring role in the Sinatra film.

Dressing 'subtle'

From then on gone were the days when as a college student he could appear in jeans, a casual top, and tennis shoes at almost any time of the day.

Though this is still his favorite rig, Tony confessed he has learned during the past 18 months that dressing well is more than just going into a shop and buying a suit.

"It's actually a very subtle thing," is the way he put it.

A filmgoer may be impressed with the exciting,

● Clothes have assumed a new and important role in the life of movie star Tony Bill, 23 (he visited Australia recently), who formerly didn't worry very much about them at all.

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A filmgoer may be impressed with the exciting,

By
MOLLIE LYONS

up-to-the-minute clothes created for him to wear in the film, but Tony has his own definite ideas on what the well-dressed young man should wear.

Many of his personal likes and dislikes are governed by convenience.

For instance, he doesn't wear cufflinks because he can never find them when he needs them. He wears only brown and black shoes because "they go with everything," and he finds suit jackets without flaps on the pockets easier to cope with.

He's most conservative in his choice of color, style, and fabric, but said: "I don't follow trends—I simply choose what I think looks right on me."

"Trends can become vulgar and extreme when followed too slavishly."

He buys his suits off the rack—"I'm a 39 regular size and like my suits to have fairly short-notched lapels, cuffless trousers with the legs not too narrow and pants not too tight."

"One of my pet hates is skin-tight trousers."

"My suit jackets are a little shorter than usual, have three buttons and, preferably, no flaps on the pockets."

No short sleeves

"I would really like them without a top pocket, too, as I never wear a handkerchief and can't see the necessity for one."

Tony always wears button-down collars on his shirts, which are in plain colors, stripes, and plain blue denim, which he buys quite cheaply in America.

In Sydney he bought half-a-dozen striped shirts which have rounded, button-down collars. "I've only ever worn pointed ones and I'm quite keen to see how these look," he said.

His shirts always have long sleeves. (There are no short-sleeved shirts or jumpers in his wardrobe.)

With these Tony wears a plain black or plain brown tie and matching plain socks.

"Ties and socks with squiggly patterns and designs all over them are other things I really dislike," he said.

For sportswear he prefers light-colored pants and a sports coat in a plain dark color, say, navy or brown.

Shoe surprise

"And I never wear T-shirts," he added. Instead he prefers a long-sleeved, round-necked, washable velours jumper in rust or dark green.

On the subject of shoes he is most surprising:

"I think a person needs only two pairs—a black and a brown."

For his visit to Australia and subsequent stay in Hawaii for the filming of his third picture, "None But the Brave" (with Sinatra again), those were all he had with him.

"But I am extravagant about them," he said. "I buy handmade Italian slip-on shoes, never lace-ups, and find I can wear the one black pair with sports clothes, suits, and evening clothes. So, really, in the long run it isn't so expensive."

Of the softest pliable leather, the shoes have a rounded toe with a stitched leather strip on the low apron front.

The pointed shoes worn by staff photographer Don Cameron (who took the pictures on these pages) intrigued him enormously.

"I don't think I've seen any like that in the States," he said. "Anyway, how on earth can you walk in them?"

TRIM TOWN SUIT is a fine wool plaid. This suit is part of the very dressy wardrobe Tony wore in the film "Come Blow Your Horn."



EXCITING NEW LOOK in dinner jackets is this fine candy-striped cotton version replacing traditional black.



Teenagers Weekly



LISTEN HERE

The world says about Beatles . . .

● Said famous film star Marlene Dietrich, who appeared with The Beatles at the Royal Variety Show: "The Beatles are wonderful. I love them. Who doesn't?"



A DELEGATE to a Church of England congress in London said: "One week's wages of that psychopathic group, The Beatles, is enough to build a cathedral in Africa."

But the Bishop of Exeter, 60-year-old Dr. Robert Mortimer, replied angrily: "An offensive remark has been made about a very popular group of entertainers, and I would like it withdrawn."

A DISTINGUISHED music critic, discussing The Beatles sound: "The Beatles have a tendency to build phrases around unresolved leading tones."

"This precipitates the ear into a false modal frame that temporarily turns the fifth of the scale into the tonic, momentarily suggesting the mixolydian mode."

(Mixolydian mode is "a type of scale in which no special pitch is designated.")

"But everything ends as plain diatonic all the same."

That, no doubt, clears up the whole thing!

WROTE a London columnist: "The Beatles, who began as a mildly irritating craze, have now become one of the most colossal bores which have ever afflicted mankind. Having said that, I now resolve never to speak, write, or think about them again."

"TIME" magazine said: "They are different not only because they all grope around under four years' growth of hair. They are different because they are as wholesome as choir boys."

A LETTER pinned to the door of their dressing-room at a London recording studio read: "Dear Paul, George, John, and Ringo. Please, please sing any old song for my friend Maggie who is leaving dear old England to

go to Australia, and also would you sing it for my dear Mum who thinks you are Fab and for my dear Dad who doesn't like you, and finally for myself of course who thinks you are the loveliest men since I was born."

IN New York, members of a student organisation called "SWAT" — Students War Against Trash — picketed The Beatles as "a musical disgrace." One student said: "They have a deleterious effect on young minds."

LEADING American sociologist, Professor David Riesman, of Harvard University, gave The Beatles a clean bill of mental health:

"The Beatles have none of the somewhat sinister quality that Elvis Presley represented for adults," he said.

SAID Frank Sinatra after The Beatles' smash success in New York: "I thought they'd die in New York. I was surprised by the reception they got. I guess I was wrong."

COMMENTED a police officer on duty at New York airport when The Beatles arrived: "I think the whole world's gone quite mad."

"IT'S no good thinking all the girls screaming and shouting when you play are in love with you," remarked one Beatle.

"And, quite honestly, none of us does. We love our fans, but we've adapted ourselves to them. And that's why we think they still like us."

WHEN they made their first Royal Variety Show appearance: "Those in the cheaper seats please clap — the rest of you rattle your jewellery."

AT a Press conference in New York, when asked if they liked Beethoven: "Yeah, especially his poetry."

"WHAT do you think is your secret?" The Beatles were asked. The answer: "If we knew that, we'd form a group and become managers."

A REPORTER asked if they liked being the centre of attraction. "Only in public," said Ringo Starr.

Don't miss
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... and what THEY say

COMMENTING on what the newspapers say about them: "It's a load of old rubbish. Enough to send you to a psychiatrist."

A QUESTIONER in New York told The Beatles a group in Detroit had been formed to stamp them out. "Then we're going to start a campaign to stamp out Detroit," one replied.

THE BEATLES were making a film in Britain, so reporters in New York asked them if they had a leading lady.

"We don't know," they said. "We'll probably get the Queen. She sells in England, you know."

INTERVIEWED in London after their American tour, an English reporter reminded The Beatles that in Detroit, their haircuts had been called "Un-American."

The reply: "And very pleasant of them, because we're NOT Americans."

REPORTERS asked where they got those shaggy - dog haircuts: "They grew out of our heads," replied a Beatle.

THE LAST WORD. from an entertainment trade magazine: "Beatlemania in the U.S. is made of that same indescribable stuff that made Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley, Babe Ruth, Joe Di Maggio, and Shirley Temple super stars."

MEMBERS of Britain's Royal family obviously approve of The Beatles. Picture below shows one of their Royal fans, Princess Margaret, meeting them after a performance.



About our pin-up

AT 18, Lyn Alvarez (see page 16) has begun to follow the career of her sister, Robin — one of Australia's top young singing stars.

Even at her first recording session recently Lyn showed the ease and poise of a professional — she paid no attention to the nervous and noisy people around her.

She cut four songs, due to be released soon on two 45 r.p.m. records. The most timely of the tunes is "The Beatles Gonna Get You" — a mixture of Liverpool sound and calypso rhythm.

"Love Me Like You Used To Do," "Little Bitty Texan," and "It's So Easy To Fall In Love" are the other three selections.

"BANDSTAND" COMES TO T.W.!

● Here's great news for you — from next week star TV compere Brian ("Bandstand") Henderson writes in Teenagers' Weekly.

FOR years now Brian has captivated teenagers (and their parents) with his television show — and with his radio disc-jockeying.

Now each week he'll present a glittering, written "Bandstand" — jam-packed with the latest stories about and pictures of local and overseas youth entertainers.

He'll discuss discs, dances, fads, and fashions — and pass on to you the "inside" secrets of the stars.

Next week you can read about the battle for the crown of pop-music queen; about a swinging comeback to fame and fortune by a pioneer rock-'n-roll band.

These are just two of the stories in the first feature — which is illustrated in color.

Accompanying the first feature there's a color pin-up (on the cover) of Brian for you to keep. And there's his autograph, too.



BRIAN HENDERSON



TEENA

I HAVE VERY DEFINITE IDEAS ON WHAT I EXPECT THE MAN I MARRY TO LOOK LIKE...

— HE MUST BE AT LEAST SIX FEET TALL, WITH ROMANTIC BROWN EYES, STRAIGHT WHITE TEETH, A ROMAN NOSE AND CURLY BLACK HAIR...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE PLANNING ON MARRYING BUZZIE.

I AM.

WELL, BUT HE'S ONLY FIVE FEET FOUR AND THREE-QUARTERS!!

AND BESIDES, HE HAS BLUE EYES, BUCK TEETH, A PUG NOSE, AND STRAIGHT BLOND HAIR.

THAT'S TRUE—

—BUT AFTER WE'RE MARRIED I EXPECT TO MAKE HIM OVER!

TOPS IN SPORT

Russian is her rival

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● One of the most thrilling finishes in the Tokyo Olympics in October this year is likely to be between two teenage water wizards — one a 16-year-old schoolgirl from Maitland, N.S.W., Australia; the other a 15-year-old schoolgirl from Russia.

THE names of these two breaststroke stars are Margueritha Ruygrosk and Galina Prozumenschikova, and they're currently vying for positions as the world-beater over the 220yds. and 200 metres distances.

Though Galina captured both world records a few weeks ago in England, she didn't clip more than a couple of seconds off the winning time of 2min. 49.8sec. which Margueritha swam for the 220yds. in Sydney earlier this year.

Before this latest Russian secret weapon appeared in the pool, sparkling Dutch-born Margueritha was freely talked of as a gold-medal certainty for Australia.

Though Margueritha modestly described such predictions as "nice wishful thinking," she had (and has) the ability and do-or-die determination to see it come true.

Apart from the usual will to win, which is common to all champions of sport, this blue-eyed brunette has a very special reason for wanting to make a splash.

She has high hopes that her success in swimming will eventually be her passport on a sentimental visit to Holland to see her grandparents.

"You see," explained the vivacious lass who stands a striking 5ft. 10in., "I left Holland when I was only one and haven't seen my grandparents since. We lived in Indonesia for three years and then came straight to Australia."

One of a family of five, Margueritha started swimming when she was 11—not so much because she was crazy about the idea but because her brother wanted to learn and her parents suggested she keep him company.

It didn't take her long in early lessons at Kurri Kurri to prove her potential, and in 1959 she won her first State title—the under-13 breaststroke.

Margueritha was soon proving that this junior victory was no fluke.

She won quite a few more contests before the 1962 national championships in Melbourne, when she turned in her best-ever swims and won a place in the Perth Commonwealth Games team.

At the 1963 Perth national titles she won



MARGUERITHA RUYGROSK

four junior and three senior championships.

Last summer Margueritha had a strenuous programme, between attending school at the Maitland Dominican Convent and training with Forbes Carlisle in Sydney.

Right now the swimmer (who hopes one day to become a physical-education teacher) is studying hard so that she'll have some hope of coping with exam papers which will face her shortly after her return from Tokyo.

Margueritha, who loves reading, playing squash, listening to hit tunes, surf-

ing, dancing, and "just about everything every other teenager loves," swims 17 or 18 miles a week when she's in full training.

She's one of the new "slimmer swimmers" who have hearty appetites and eat lots of steak, raw vegetables, etc.

She doesn't seem to have to watch her diet too closely, however — except for putting the mouth-watering wares of her pastrycook father on the strictly forbidden list!

NEXT WEEK: Ted Boronovskis.

Beauty in brief

HELP FOR HANDS

HAPPILY, whatever your hands look like today, they can be noticeably nicer tomorrow.

Results will come quickly when you begin to give your hands the tender care they deserve. But those welcome results have a nasty habit of disappearing just as quickly with just a few days' neglect. So, first and most important vow to make is one of consistent and continuous care.

Mainstay and support of hands generally is the night and morning treatment with hand lotion or cream, and you might as well make up your mind that anything less than this is just not good enough.

Put on your lotion or cream liberally and don't forget to extend it way

up over the wrists as far as your elbows to keep them from getting rough, dry, and red.

"Do" each hand in turn while the hand is held up and the elbow bent as if you were smoothing on a pair of tight, long gloves. Work the lubricant into cuticles; pay special attention to rough spots between your fingers.

In cold weather sore and chapped hands respond gratefully to massage with any sort of enriched cream; ordinary olive oil does a good job, too.

Massage it into the tissues from fingertips to wrists with special attention to the backs of the hands, knuckles, and the space between thumb and forefinger.

— CAROLYN EARLE

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Lonely boarder

"I AM 14 years old, and have been at boarding-school for over a year now. I have no friends and cannot mix with the other girls. The girls never talk to me or want me around, and when I talk to them they ignore me or hint to me to go away. This is the first time I have ever been away from my home in the bush in my life. I feel unwanted and left out by the girls. Can you please tell me how I can become one of them, as I am unhappy and hate school because of it?"
"Unwanted," N.S.W.

Being lonely, homesick, and obviously very shy, you must have shrunk deep into your shell soon after you started boarding-school — and stayed there for quite a long time. This has made you extra sensitive to the other girls' behaviour and remarks.

Ignore these "hints" as cheerfully as you possibly can. Schoolgirls can be very tough—and they'll respect you if you can show a little toughness, too.

But don't slip back into your shell if you don't quickly become "one of the gang." Concentrate on finding just ONE friend — someone quiet and sympathetic, and, if at all possible, with a bush background, too.

Don't talk too much about your troubles; talk about the farm, riding, the things you know and love. And, of course, school. You can do it if you try — and your loneliness will vanish like magic.

One thing to remember: Most girls and boys at boarding-school are a little bit lonely part of the time. Some just don't let it show.

Getting acquainted

"I AM a girl of 16, and very much admire a boy who goes to the same high school. For weeks now I have tried in vain to find a way of getting to know him. I have asked my elders, but they say I can only wait for him to say something first. I never see him talking to other girls. I have been out with other boys, but none has affected me as he does."

"Hoping," Qld.

How about a friendly smile and a

bright "hello" or "hi" next time you see him? This is within the bounds of ladylike behaviour, and would at least make him notice you. You could also bone up on the sport he plays, and find out which school course he is taking, in case he stops to chat to you. Even shy, reserved people respond to interest shown in their work and hobbies.

Wedding expenses

"I AM to be married this year, and my sister and my fiancé's sister are to be my bridesmaids. My sister is going to pay for her outfit, but my fiancé's sister has the opinion that I am paying for hers. Could you please tell me who should bear the cost of the bridesmaids' outfits? (I am not choosing their frocks or the color; I'm leaving it to the girls to please themselves.) Also, should my fiancé pay for the groomsmen's suits? Could you give me a list of the things my father should pay for, and those my fiancé should pay for?"

F.K., Vic.

1 and 2: Both bridesmaids and groomsmen should pay for their own outfits for the wedding.

3: The bride's parents should pay for the floral decorations for the church, for the organist, and (if these are desired) choir and soloist; printing and sending of invitations; all expenses connected with the reception; the cars which take the bride and her father, mother, and

other members of the family to the church; the cars which take them (with the exception of the bride) to the reception.

The groom should pay the clergyman's fee, for the licence, the ring, the bride's and bridesmaids' bouquets, sprays for the bride's mother and his own mother, and button-holes for himself, best man, groomsmen and ushers, for the car to take the best man and himself to the church, the bride and himself from the church to the reception; the honeymoon expenses. He should also pay for gifts to the bridesmaids.

Accident worry

"LAST November I was involved in a car accident. My fiancé was driving and it happened on our way home from a ball. Ever since, my mother has been impossible to live with. She keeps reminding me of what happened and blames the accident for every little thing that goes wrong round the house. Also, Mum insists that my fiancé fell asleep at the wheel. She has got all our friends believing her story and not ours. Nobody can convince her of the truth, not even the police. How can I possibly get her to give up? I realise it has been a strain on her, but I am the one who has suffered all the pain and I cannot take much more of her treatment. I cannot leave home yet as I am not strong enough, and apart from that, leaving home won't solve anything like this. Please try to help me."

T.C., N.S.W.

Because you were the one who suffered physically from the accident, I think you might be underestimating its effect on your mother. (It's often easier to bear mishap ourselves than have it happen to someone close to us.)

Have a frank talk to your doctor about the situation. He may be willing to recommend that your mother have a holiday away for awhile, particularly if looking after you during your convalescence has mainly evolved on her.

A word from Debbie...

● How are your public manners? Here is a "Top Ten" list of public nuisances . . .

1. People who push ahead of their turn in queues.
2. People who don't give up their seats to elderly folk or to mothers with babies.
3. Litterbugs.
4. People who eat in the street or as they walk through shops.
5. Boys who make loud remarks about girls passing by.
6. People who play transistors loudly in public places.
7. People who comb their hair in public.
8. People who talk and laugh loudly during public entertainment.
9. People who keep windows in public transport wide open when it's bitterly cold.
10. Girls who close windows in stifling weather to protect their hairdos.

Are YOU guilty of any of these?

And be patient. Remember that the accident won't loom so large in her mind — or yours — in a little while, when you're well again.

Why be bewigged?

"I HAVE very thick, curly hair which is quite uncontrollable. I have been laughed at by my friends. Would you tell me where I could buy a realistic wig that I can wear when I go swimming and dancing, etc. I would like it to be real enough to wear all the time — I don't want a cheap, silly-looking wig. I have noticed advertisements for men's wigs, but not women's wigs. If possible I would not like to pay more than £8 for it. Could you please help me?"

"Curly," N.S.W.

Why not try having your hair straightened? A number of hair-dressing salons do this for about the cost of a permanent wave. You'd probably need to have it done about once every three months — but then, lots of straight-haired girls have a perm as often as that. A good-quality wig of real hair, by the way, would cost at least £35.

Offhanded escort

"MY problem is my girl-friend's parents. I have been going with her for one week now and we are deeply in love. One night I asked her to come with me to the trots. Her mother said it would be all right, but when I called for her she was not allowed to go, so we went to the pictures instead. I left the pictures before they finished to catch a bus home, so I could not walk her home (if I'd done so, I would have had to walk seven miles home myself). Now her parents will not let her go out with boys for another year, just because I didn't walk her home. How can I persuade her parents to let her go out with me again?"

"Worried," Vic.

You have a bigger problem than your girl-friend's parents. Your own manners. I'm surprised that she WANTS to go out with you again after being left to go home alone.

You've blotted your copybook badly, but you could try writing and apologising to her parents. Your transport arrangements home are your own concern, but assurance that their daughter will be escorted safely home is THEIRS.

If you were really "deeply in love" with her, you'd have walked those seven miles.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A COLUMNIST'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

● Television and radio star Brian Henderson starts as our show-business columnist in next week's issue.

THIS is wonderful news for readers, but Brian should know that column-writing has its problems.

I am aware of this from bitter experience.

Gee, the time flies. In July my column will be five years old. That adds up to about 250 different pieces!

And nobody knows the trouble I've seen.

For my pains I was once burnt in effigy in Melbourne. Were my ears burning!

And after I had written about 20 or so columns a lass wrote me a sweet letter asking for an up-to-date set of columns. I duly sent them off.

By return mail came a letter saying thanks — and that she had burnt them in a chip-heater!

When I visited a country town the local paper interviewed me and headlined the story, "THE BOY GIRLS LOVE TO HATE!"

I've also been accused of using a phony name and of being a woman-hater.

All this, mind you, just because I've tried to tell girls a few home-truths and how boys often feel about them.

I'd ask, "Is there no justice in the world?" — but an answer that there is would mean there were no girls.

And that would be no good. No column!

I'm not suggesting Brian Henderson will have such problems.

With a show-biz column, to coin a phrase, he'll have no fury like my women scorned.

Besides, there's more than enough stuff already in hand — mine — to keep girls' chip-heaters going.

And I'm sure lasses would rather burn me in effigy than a TV idol.

There's no fuel like a five-year-old fool, you know!

- Robin Adair



"How'd you like to gain a son, Daddy-o?"

arch. The natives referred to the
locally as



**LYN
ALVAREZ**
—page 11

Page 16—Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—May 20, 1964

The Romance of Australian Place Names

Here are more Australian place names, with their origins. An earlier list appeared last week.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Armidale
Originally named Armadale, after the Scottish estate where its first settler (Commissioner Macdonald) was born. It was the seat of Lord Macdonald.

Bathurst
Macquarie named it after Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for Colonies, 1812. Great depredations by aborigines occurred here in 1824, when martial law was proclaimed and a reward of 500 acres of land offered for the capture of Sunday, the ringleader.

Coonabarabran
Aboriginal term for an inquisitive person.

Cootamundra
From native word Gooramundra, variously given as "mudles" and "marsh."

Deniliquin
First recorded as The Sandhills. From native Denilakoon, the name of an elder of the local tribe when the whites arrived. It is said he killed the first white he met.

Jerilderie
Native word meaning "reedy place." In old coaching guides, Jerilderie. Near midnight on February 8, 1879, the Kelly gang bailed up the Jerilderie police, locked them up, cut telegraph wires, and held the town for two days, robbing the bank of £2000.

Murwillumbah
Aboriginal: Murrie (native), Woll (camp), Bah (place), or Murr (big or many), Willum (opossum), Bah (place).

Pinchgut
Popular name for Fort Denison. First referred to as Bare Hill by a convict who wrote that, when passing, he saw a man hanging there from a gibbet. Governor Phillip called it Rock Island. The name Pinchgut derived from imprisonment there on bread and water of men who, in 1789, stole some of the colony's supplies when every man, including the Governor, was rationed. Phillip had hanged the ringleader.

VICTORIA

Box Hill
Said to have been called thus because of the yellow box tree, plentiful there at one time. It is, however, claimed also that Box Hill takes its name from the beauty spot at Mickleham, Surrey, where the novelist Fanny Burney built the historic Camilla Cottage from the proceeds of her book "Camilla." There is also a Mickleham in the State.

Sale
Natives called it Way-put. Named Sale soon after news of the death of "Fighting Bob" (Sir Robert Henry Sale), who was mortally wounded at Moodkee, India, 1845. After the siege of Jellalabad, Lady Sale and others were placed as hostages with Akbar Khan and, although a great massacre occurred, she was rescued eight months later.

Williamstown
Governor Bourke chose the name. He personally thought the site better than Melbourne for the capital of a new settlement and called it after the reigning monarch. The natives referred to the locality as Koort-boork-boork ("clump of she-oaks").

Wedonga
Native name for an edible nut.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Cadell
After Francis Cadell, who navigated the first steamer on the Murray, for which he received a gold candelabrum worth 900 guineas. He was in the 1st Chinese War and the Maori War, and later became a pearl-fisher and explorer

in the Gulf of Carpentaria. He was murdered near Ambionia in the Dutch East Indies.

Hutt St., Adelaide

Also Hutt River; after Sir William Hutt, one of the S.A. colonisation commissioners. Native for Hutt River: "Parriwortha."

QUEENSLAND

Alfalfa

Spanish name for lucerne, derived from the Arabic al fastasah, "good food."

Banyo

Aboriginal: "Ridge."

Emerald

After old Emerald Downs Station.

Mt. Coot-tha

From native word for honey.

Yeulba

Natives gave the explorer Leichhardt this word as the name of the locality.

Yungaburra

Aboriginal: "Place haunted by

spirits." It was originally called Alumba, but the name was changed because of resemblance to Aloomba.

WEST AUSTRALIA

Exmouth Gulf

Named by Viscount Exmouth (Edward Pellew), who bombarded Algiers when Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet and secured the release of 2000 slaves.

Laverton

Named after Dr. Laver, pioneer of the district. His brother became a well-known cricketer.

FOR THAT TRUE
CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR USE

Cadbury's
COCOA

...the added touch that
means so much

Deliciously new, exciting too!
CHOCOLATE ORANGE CAKE

...one of 7 new Marjorie Miller recipes

Ingredients: 12 ozs. S.R. flour; 6 ozs. shortening; 6 ozs. sugar; ½ teas. salt; 3 eggs; ¾ cup milk; rind and juice of 1 orange; 1 tabs. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa blended with boiling water to a paste.

Method: Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in the whisked eggs. Lightly but thoroughly stir in the sifted flour and salt and the milk alternately. Divide into two. Stir the cocoa into one portion and the orange into the second. Place alter-

nate spoonfuls in an 8" tin which has been greased and lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in a mod. oven 325 or Reg. 4 Gas — 375 Electric for 1-1½ hours. Completely cover with orange frosting and decorate with glace cherries and angelica.

To make frosting, cream 1 oz. shortening and 4 ozs. icing sugar. Add a little yellow colouring and sufficient orange juice to make a spreading consistency.



Give all your cakes "that personal touch" with

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

SIX NEW
HILLMAN IMP CARS
to be given away!



Win a car of your very own in
**CADBURY'S
'POPULAR CAKE'
CONTEST**

All you do is this. Pick up Cadbury's latest recipe folder at your grocer's. In it you'll find details of the contest, an official entry form and seven delicious new chocolate cake recipes. Try each one then state on the entry form what you think will be their order of popularity.

Remember! Six New Hillman Imp cars must be won. Total value nearly £5,000.

There's no entry fee! Send in as many as you like but accompany each entry with a Cadbury Bournville Cocoa packet top. (Except where this infringes local laws.)

Post entries to
'POPULAR CAKE' CONTEST,
Cadbury's, Claremont, Tasmania.

Contest closes July 31st, 1964.

Winners will be notified personally and announced in the daily press on Friday, August 14th.





JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavoured natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS
in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

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If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific Laboratory-tested and Certified, CYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 6/8.

SKIN ITCH & TINEA

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blisters and itches, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

See our Home Plan this week.

ARE YOU TOO TIRED AT NIGHT?

Do you come home from work tired out... too exhausted to give your family the real companionship they expect?

Is your marriage suffering? Men and women who feel run-down, depressed, need LECITHIN in their diet! Take TOPPIN 22 every day and you will feel a vibrant new surge of energy in 4 days.

Lecithin is a vital component of the nervous system, and after 30 this vital supply slowly drains away.

Suddenly you feel old before your time!

TOPPIN 22 tablets contain the 22 essential vitamins and minerals PLUS LECITHIN to quickly restore youthful vigour.

18/- for one month's supply from your chemist. (100 day pack 48/-)

THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand		
& Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/8/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/13/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

Continued from page 21

THE JOURNEY

She supposed he loved Geoff, just as she was led to suppose he loved her.

Breakfast next morning was a turbulent affair. Only Miles, stolidly eating his way through cornflakes, displayed any sign of organisation.

Bolting his coffee, attention already towards the door, Geoff told her swiftly: "Back late tonight. I'm meeting Jonathan."

So it was Jonathan. Jonathan who, with a job in London and parents living in Bath, had been forced to leave home. It was undoubtedly Jonathan who had talked Geoff into moving to town.

The need to unburden herself and be understood was becoming a physical ache. It was then that she thought of her mother.

Because her four children had their homes spreadeagled across the Home Counties, her practical, sensible mother had wisely decided, at her husband's death, to move up to London. There she was at a centre of her family.

Taking the road to the heath, as she emerged from Hampstead tube station, Ruth found herself marvelling at the closeness which had developed between her and her mother since her marriage. When she was a teenager and the emotion between them had been more stormy than loving, and when she left school, she had taken a job in Scotland to avoid living at home.

Sprawled in a chair, Ruth

lit a cigarette. "Geoff's leaving home."

"You feel the bottom's dropped right out of your world. I know I've been through it, too—four times, remember. Timmy, Hugh, you, Kitty."

"But it wasn't the same with us. We had to go. Timmy had to serve his articles in Birmingham. Hugh's firm sent him to Canada. Kitty married when she left school. I—"

"Found a job in Scotland, you wanted an excuse to leave home. Don't apologise. It was perfectly natural. You had to go. They all have to go. But knowing the old story about our children being only lent to us doesn't make their going any less hard. But I'll tell you something I didn't know then—"

"What?"

"They come back to us. And when they come back—oh, my dear, they're so much nicer. So much more understanding."

"There's nothing wrong with Geoff as he is. We —"

MRS. MERROW

smiled. "It's curious how it's only the good times we seem to remember when people we love are about to leave us. We forget the noise, the arguments, the hurt of everything being taken for granted—and all those impossibly-hard-to-endure defensive moods."

"Of course Geoff has moods. What young person hasn't? It's hell to be young and unsettled."

"Far worse for the poor, wretched parent who comes in for the backwash. You know, bringing up children is rather like a railway journey. You go along the rails closely together until the teens. Then it's suddenly like arriving at a junction, with all the turbulence, upheaval and anxious frenzy a change always involves. There's a time of chaos, with each of you pushing and struggling blindly against each other's wills and emotions, until the children leave home to find their own line."

"It's then they come back, Ruth—when they're content and settled because they've booked their own ticket and know where they're heading. Come back as friends and allies; no longer struggling against your ideas and wishes, because their problems have suddenly become the same as yours. The fuel bills, the soaring rates, the lack of discipline in the young—your groans and moans are theirs, too."

Old Mrs. Merrow dropped her work to her lap. "It's such fun to see Timmy punctiliously switching off lights which before he paid any bills he'd have left burning all night—to hear Kitty grumbling about Laura's make-up, when most of the rows I had with Kitty were over her own heavily plastered cheeks."

What her mother said was true. Hadn't Ruth herself, an hour before walking up Heath Street, marvelled at the closeness which had developed between her mother and herself. How true it was that you never appreciated your parents' difficulties and points of view until you found yourself in the same predicament.

Illogically, Ruth still hoped for a way to postpone the inevitable. Some miraculous thing beyond her control which could prevent his going.

She was already in bed when Geoff returned home. Usually he went straight to his room. But this evening he tapped on her door.

"Jonathan says I'd be mad to contemplate living in London. It costs the earth, he says," he said.

Desperately Ruth wished the choice hadn't been given to her. She had to take a deep breath to drag the words out: "I wouldn't rely entirely on Jonathan's budget. Why not ask several opinions? Perhaps if three or four of you shared..."

Ruth watched his face lift. "That's an idea. I'll do that. Thanks for the tip. Jonathan's always been a bit on the extravagant side."

He was already whistling as he closed the door.

She pummeled her pillow into shape; switched off the lamp. Miles was right. She was dramatising the situation. From the way she was behaving anyone would think she was the only mother ever facing the problem of a son leaving home.

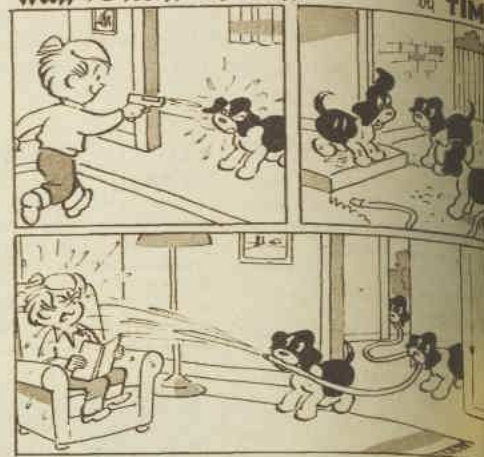
The only one? Why there were hundreds, thousands, possibly millions of mothers tossing and turning over their fledgling children this very instant. It always had been, and would be until the end of time.

Just as surely as the day would come when she would be comforting Geoff's wife with the very same words her mother had used this afternoon. "They come back again—and, oh, my dear, they're so, so much nicer. So much more understanding."

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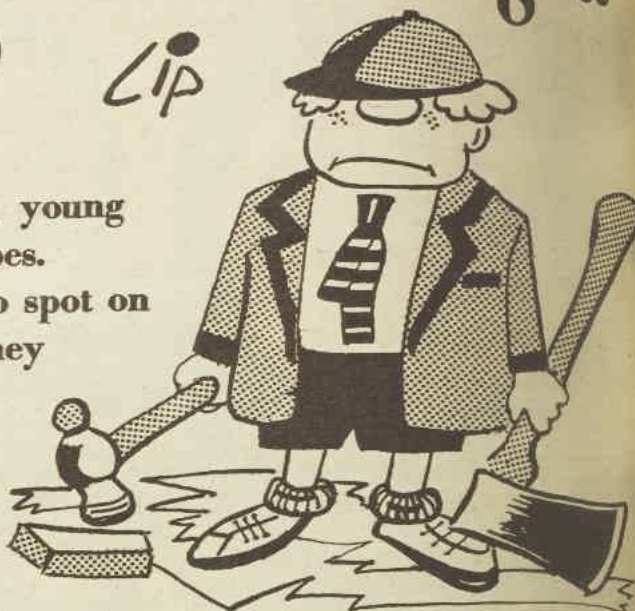
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The art of raising a "demon" *Lip*

● We have all met young Dennis-the-Menace types. They are very easy to spot on sight. Frequently they are destructive, very wild, aggressive toward other children. They are generally wilful.



SOMETIMES these young demons are just around the age of seven or eight.

Luckily their wild personality is rarely a sign of mental abnormality, though it certainly makes mums and teachers feel distracted.

In handling such children, it is necessary that parents learn to discriminate between deliberate and unintentional destructiveness.

When it's accidental it is just due to boundless energy and high spirits or even clumsiness from lack of muscular control, common in young children. In time the child will grow old enough to realise when it's safe to push or pull with all his might, or how to treat fragile things with care.

Deliberate destructiveness is much more of a real problem. It may easily be caused by resentment, jealousy or insecurity. Equally likely, too much or too little discipline may be the reason, most often the latter.

Sometimes such a child may be testing the adults around him just to see how far he can go ("he" is right, for this is rare in small girls).

If his parents are of the "can't refuse Johnny anything" variety he may feel unconsciously insecure. You see, it can frighten a child to feel that no one is apparently strong enough to stop him.

What he really needs is a loving home, food, warmth, etc., plus the knowledge that his parents know best and will stop him from being too naughty. With the right kind of moderate discipline a child feels safe.

At the same time, these very boisterous children need ample scope for letting off steam. Plenty of suitable play materials — not expensive, but the kind he can use his imagination on, such as building blocks—and chances to race about in old clothes will help rid him of aggression.

Give him small household chores to release his pent-up energy. Carpet beating is ideal!

Some young children are given pets in the hope that this will make them gentler. Very hard on the pet, I feel. No child can be taught too young to show kindness to animals, but it is not fair to either until you are certain your child is responsible enough to care for his pet conscientiously.

Many grown-ups frown on such rowdy games as Cowboys and Indians or Cops and Robbers. Yet, at the right time, they can help the boisterous child by acting as a safety valve for aggressive feelings. Such games always follow a rough and ready set of rules, so teach an elementary kind of self-control in easy stages.

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You can't escape in-laws ...so why not be friends?

● When young couples have in-law troubles, often the cause is not so much in anything the older generation does as in the younger people themselves.

HARD to believe? Probably it is if you are coping with an "interfering" mother-in-law or a "possessive" father-in-law.

But research and experience have led marriage counsellors, social workers, and psychiatrists to believe that in-law friction tends to diminish when the younger set come to understand some of the emotions underlying their relationship with their new family, and when they learn to act toward parents-in-law with respect and common sense.

"Rarely does the fault lie with the parents-in-law when there are difficulties," claims a leading authority. "Trouble comes more from the way the children treat them."

There are, of course, some in-laws with whom no young wife or husband could get along.

Among them are the kinds of people who think everybody is against them, who make unfounded accusations and are suspicious even of kindness and attention. There are mothers who keep a stranglehold on their grown sons. There are fathers who belittle their sons-in-law out of jealousy and competitiveness.

Such parents may need professional counselling, and if they don't get it the young people may need help to cope with them.

But, fortunately, family elders like these are rarities. The great majority of parents want their children to be married and to be happy in their marriages.

Whatever your in-laws may be as individuals, however, your attitudes toward them reflect your attitudes toward your own family, yourself, and your marriage partner.

"The better you feel about your own parents," says one psychiatrist, "the less difficulty you are likely to have with your in-laws."

The better a young couple's finances, the better the prospect of getting along with in-laws, too.

Although financial independence is no guarantee against in-law problems, it can help avoid them; for there is an age-old, universal tendency to bite the hand that feeds you.

Independence helps . . .

Moreover, young couples who shoulder all the responsibilities that go with starting a separate family unit often grow in unity, character, and maturity more than those who get full or partial support from their parents.

But more important than financial independence as a deterrent to in-law troubles is personal independence — that is, maturity.

This is not an aggressive, childish show of independence. It is, rather, a secure sense of oneself. As a wonderfully bright and solid little girl I knew once put it when she was five, "I belong to me."

Even though you are married, are you still your parents' child who depends on them for guidance and authority? Or are you on your own, an adult?

Only if you are will you be able to take suggestions,

By EDITH M. STERN

criticisms, even practical help from your in-laws in your stride. If you're not, well-meant advice or plain affectionate interest may be misconstrued as interference.

Gifts, recipes, even invitations to meals may touch off such bristling thoughts as, "Well, they think I'm not able to manage by myself!"

Despite the mother-in-law jokes, trouble between men and their wives' mothers is rare. A majority of complaints against mothers-in-law come from daughters-in-law.

"There is no doubt that the relationship between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law is potentially competitive," a marriage counsellor told me. "But if wives only realised how the cards are stacked in their favor, they would be less touchy. You don't have to love your mother-in-law, but at least give her the chance to be liked!"

It can certainly be very annoying when your mother-in-law lifts the pot-lids and tells you how much her son loves home-made soup and how you should make it.

But remember that you are no longer a little girl who has to do what Mama says. Listen politely and, if you don't think the advice has merit, do what you think best.

It doesn't hurt to listen

On the other hand, avoid feeling that just because advice comes from your mother-in-law it is to be spurned. Be glad for what helpful tips she may give you. Not only is she a more experienced homemaker than you, but she has had more time to learn your husband's likes and dislikes.

If a wife feels that her husband really has too strong a tie to his mother, about the worst thing she can do is give an ultimatum like, "You'll have to choose between me and your mother."

It is much better to come to an understanding by calmly talking things out.

The same goes for frankly but tactfully making it known to your in-laws when they do little things that bother you, instead of letting these develop into major grievances.

Make up your mind, however, that some things you may not like about your in-laws are beyond your control. Their background may be different and, consequently, their manners, customs, and ways of expressing affection.

As long as they don't interfere with your ways, you will be happiest if you simply accept them and try to find the things you like in them.

Some young couples think one solution to in-law problems is moving far away. Distance, to be sure, may eliminate minor friction, such as "To whose family do we go for Christmas dinner?"

But basic adjustment cannot be achieved in terms of miles. The impact of a long-distance call from a demanding relative can be very upsetting to an immature wife who has not yet freed herself from her parents, or to a husband who has guilty feelings about not doing enough for the mother who did so much for him.

And since the relative isn't near enough to engage in battle, the husband and wife may take up the fight.

But a caution here: avoid attributing to your in-laws the things that go wrong between your partner and you.

It is easier to dislike your mother-in-law and blame her for bringing up a lazy, spoiled, or selfish child than directly to blame her offspring, whom you elected to marry.

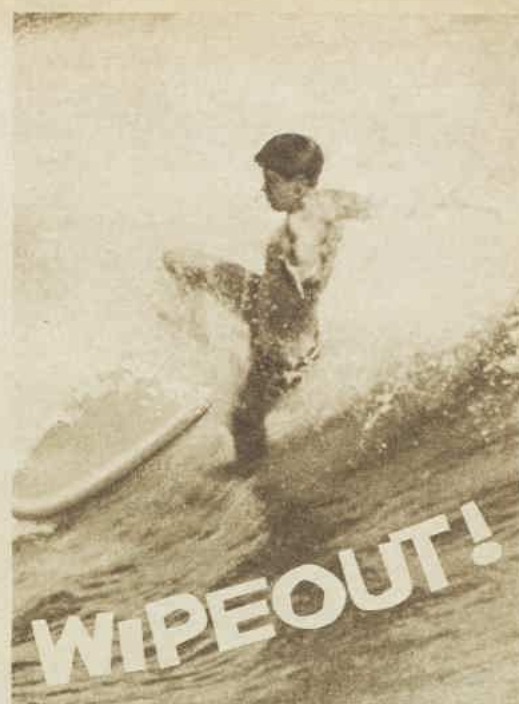
The situation can be particularly inflammable if, in defiant escape from your own family, you have married someone whose background is quite different from yours.

It is false that you marry a girl or boy "not the family." Their values—accepted or rejected—are an intrinsic part of your partner.

It is not simple to adjust to another family, especially when marriage itself requires so many other changes and adjustments. But it can be rewarding. You have more relatives to care about you and whom to care about.

In times of trouble or need, parents-in-law are often second or substitute parents; brothers- and sisters-in-law can supplement or replace your own.

If you do not set up an invisible wall against your second family, far from being a liability to your marriage, they may become a great asset.



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Page 45

TRUDY



"Thanks, Mum, I see you found him!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964



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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

What I wrote a few weeks ago about Dr. Baruch's book "New Ways In Discipline" has brought me quite a lot of correspondence, divided about fifty-fifty between the fors and the againsts.

HERE are bits of two of the letters (one from each side of the fence) which will be of interest, I think, to all parents who are worrying their way toward the best method of dealing with the worst sides of their exuberant young.

After reading all the letters I am more than ever convinced that the first and most essential need the child has is for a warm and all-embracing love from its parents.

Within that security, there's no doubt there are half a dozen possible ways of discipline which can produce happy and mature members of society.

It takes a pretty wise, mature, and self-fulfilled parent to supply that all-embracing love.

Most of us, no matter how mature we believe ourselves to be, carry over with us from childhood a lot of tag-ends of uncertainties, prejudices, and resentments, and these are the things that get between us and our children.

Hugh, who is intolerant of how-to-do-it books on the upbringing of children, always says that science is no substitute for warmth, and the child will get more benefit from wrong things done with love than from coolly correct things done in a detached way. I agree, of course.

But parents who are not completely mature emotionally (most of us?) and are therefore not always perfectly patient and long-sighted and unselfish can get help from these theories because of the extra insight they get into their own emotions. So again I'd say—don't judge the book on the ripples I took out of it. If you're interested, read the whole of it before you make up your mind.

Is it really wrong to call your mother a "mean pig"?

"ANOTHER Margaret," from Tasmania, writes: "I couldn't disagree more . . .

I have three teenage children and a nine-year-old. The three eldest had a pretty thin time of it sometimes—anger from them answered by anger from me—but we muddled along and they turned out to be nice people in spite of it all. But with the youngest I've had more time, more patience, and more sense, and have been able to greet anger with loving, humorous affection coupled with discipline.

That discipline includes disciplining her words, and I think this is all-important. If a young child does not see her parents giving way to outbursts of temper, and her own outbursts are greeted with 'loving disapproval,' she learns self-control remarkably quickly.

"I do not believe that there is any truth in the belief that repressed emotions 'ferment'—on the contrary they turn into love, consideration, and bring true happiness.

"Where on earth must it end if children, teenagers, and adults may give vent to feelings of anger, hate, and frustration, I'm sure that if children (and, by implication, all people) do this verbally, they will do so physically.

"Yes, my 14-year-old daughter has called me a 'mean pig,' too—and I'm not horrified, but I do express my disapproval and tell her, if she feels this, to keep it to herself; but at the same time I tell her I'd like to talk over what the basis of her disapproval is, and maybe change it if possible . . .

"Repression of unpleasant—or immoral—emotions is essential for a normal family life and a good social structure. Surely this is a fundamental lesson we must teach our children?"

A Melbourne correspondent, commenting on the "mean pig" question, writes:

"My daughter's stock response would be 'drop on your head' (or sometimes, sweetly, 'your little pointed head'). I don't take any more notice than I would of an adoring two-year-old's occasional 'naughty Mummy.'

"It really means a combination of 'you're quite right and I feel guilty and I hate myself for being in that position and my sins of omission and/or commission that caused it, and you for making me feel that way.'

"The daughter who can indulge in such verbal rebellion gets it out of her system and is the same daughter who then confides in you over the pea-shelling or the washing-up."

The same correspondent asked me if I could track down a piece of verse of which she remembered the gist but not the actual words.

Well, I tracked it down and found to my surprise that it was not four lines as I had always thought, but 16, all of which are worth quoting. It's "A Poison Tree," by William Blake, the 18th-century visionary English poet.

Blake is never easy—you need to read a poem of his two or three times to see what he means, and then two or three

more to decide that you were wrong first time and he meant something much more complex than you at first thought . . .

*I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.
And I water'd it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles
And with soft, deceitful wiles.
And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.
And into my garden stole
When the night had veild the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.*



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 20, 1964



Pears, peaches, apricots

AUTUMN DESSERTS

● Desserts, served hot from the oven on cold nights, have a fresh and summer-like quality when canned fruits are included in their ingredients.

CANNED peaches, apricots, and pears can be the basis of many delicious and attractive autumn and winter desserts, to which they add interest and flavor.

If you're having a hearty baked dinner or savory stew, then plan to serve some of the lighter desserts given in this feature, such as the Little Apricot Dessert Omelet, Marmalade Pears, or Almond-Peach Pancakes.

Or if you want a more substantial cold-weather dessert, you will find suitable recipes for these, too. They're all delicious.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used. Plain flour is used unless otherwise stated.

PEACH DESSERT CAKE

One large can sliced peaches, 8oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, extra 1-3rd cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, whipped cream.

Cream together butter and the half cup sugar; stir in lemon rind. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt, fold into batter. Spread half batter into well-greased 8in. square tin. Drain peaches very well. Reserve $\frac{1}{4}$ of the peaches for garnishing; chop remainder and spread evenly over the cake batter. Cover with remainder of the batter, dropping it by spoonfuls. Combine cinnamon and nuts with the extra sugar; sprinkle on top. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes.

Serve garnished with the reserved peach slices, top with whipped cream.

APRICOT SNOW PIE

Pastry: One cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One large can apricot halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, extra 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice, 3 egg-yolks.

Topping: Three egg-whites, pinch cream of tartar.

Pastry: Sift flour with salt, blend in shortening until mixture is like large crumbs. Sprinkle milk over, stir until particles hold together. Form into a ball, roll out. Fit pastry into 9in. pie-plate, fold edge to form a rim, flute. Prick well; bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

Filling: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, the cornflour, teaspoon lemon rind, and the drained apricots in saucepan (reserve some apricot halves for decoration). Cook, stirring constantly, over gentle heat until thick. Set aside.

Combine remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, the flour, lemon rind and juice, and egg-yolks. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Spoon the cooled apricot mixture into the partly baked pie-shell. Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold in the egg-yolk mixture. Spread over apricots. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Decorate with reserved apricot halves. If desired, insert some small birthday candles in apricot halves; when ready to serve, light them and bring the dessert, flaming, to the table.

CINNAMON PEACH CUSTARDS

One small can peach halves, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar, few drops almond essence, pinch salt, cinnamon.

Drain peaches; place 1 peach half in each of 6 individual ramekin dishes. Scald milk, combine with the eggs, which have been well beaten with the sugar, essence, and salt. Pour equal amount into each of the ramekins. Sprinkle top of each with cinnamon. Stand in pan of hot water half the depth of the ramekins; bake in moderate oven 25 minutes or until custards are set. Serve warm or cold.

BRANDIED PEAR PIE

One large can pears, 1 cup chopped apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup marmalade, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 tablespoon butter, 14oz. shortcrust pastry, milk for glazing, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Roll out slightly more than half the pastry and line a deep 9in. pie-plate; refrigerate until required. Cover raisins with hot water, let them stand 5 minutes to plump, then drain well. Combine with apples, sugar, lemon juice, marmalade, cinnamon, cloves. Drain the pears, cut them into slices. Place half the pear slices in base of pastry-case, top with the raisin mixture, then with remaining pear slices; dot with butter.

Roll out remaining pastry to fit top of pie-plate, cut to fit, and press edges together firmly. Cut a few slashes in top crust, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, lower heat to moderate, cook further 20 minutes or until pastry is nicely brown. Remove from oven, carefully spoon the brandy (or pour through small funnel) into slashes in top crust. Serve warm, topped with whipped cream.

LITTLE APRICOT DESSERT OMELET

For each omelet: Two eggs, 1 dessertspoon water, 1 teaspoon sugar, canned apricot halves with syrup, 1 teaspoon rum, whipped cream, butter.

Beat eggs vigorously with fork until yolks and whites are well blended; beat in water and sugar. Drop about 1 teaspoon butter into heated omelet-pan. Tip and roll pan so butter flows over bottom and part way up sides. As soon as butter sizzles, add egg mixture; cook omelet in usual way.

Heat the apricot halves with syrup; flavor syrup with rum to taste. Spoon apricots and some of the hot syrup over each omelet. Serve at once, topped with whipped cream.

ALMOND-PEACH PANCAKES

Pancakes: One-third cup flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 extra egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Filling: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 cup peach syrup, 2 eggs, 2 extra egg-yolks, 3 dessertspoons butter, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence, 1 cup ground almonds, 1 cup chopped canned sliced peaches.

Topping: Peach slices, grated chocolate, icing-sugar, whipped cream.

Pancakes: Beat egg and egg-yolk well; beat in milk, then flour sifted with sugar and salt; blend in melted butter and beat well until mixture is smooth. Refrigerate several hours or until mixture is thick. Lightly grease small pan about 6in. diameter. Pour in about 1 tablespoon pancake mixture and tilt pan from side to side until batter covers base of pan evenly. Cook until underside of pancake is lightly browned. Cook pancakes on one side only; remove from pan and continue until all batter is used.

Filling: Mix sugar and flour, add syrup. Cook over low heat, stirring, until well thickened. Beat eggs and extra yolks lightly, add some of hot mixture into beaten eggs, then return to pan. Cook, stirring, until mixture is just on boiling point; do not allow to boil. Stir in all remaining ingredients.

Spread about 1 tablespoon filling on unbrowned side of each pancake, roll up, and place folded side down in lightly greased shallow casserole. Brush liberally with melted butter; put into moderate oven 20 minutes or until heated through. Top with grated chocolate, sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar. Heat remaining peaches and syrup from the can; serve a few hot peach slices with the pancakes, top with swirl of whipped cream.

MARMALADE PEARS

One large can pear halves, 1 cup orange marmalade, glace cherries, slivered almonds.

Heat pears in their syrup; drain, reserve syrup, arrange pears in serving-casserole. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ pint pear syrup, cook over high heat 5 minutes to reduce the liquid slightly; stir in marmalade, heat again gently. Pour over pears. Decorate with cherries, top with slivered almonds. Serve hot, topped with custard or whipped cream.

APRICOT CUSTARD SLICES

Six ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter, 1 large can apricot halves (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup from apricots, 2 eggs (slightly beaten), 1 cup evaporated milk, whipped sweetened cream.

Sift flour and salt into basin and rub in butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Work into a paste, then press over base of greased, shallow 8in. square tin. Bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes. Cool slightly, then arrange apricot halves over pastry base; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Mix together milk, pear syrup, beaten eggs, and evaporated milk; pour over apricots. Return to moderate oven, continue baking until custard is firm (about 30 minutes). Cut into squares when cooled and serve warm topped with whipped cream.

APRICOT SNOW PIE, with birthday candles inserted in the fruit and set alight, makes a party-type dessert.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 30, 1964



BRANDIED PEAR PIE is golden crusted and has a spice-flavored filling of sliced pears and fruit mince. Top each serve with whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE PEAR PUDDING

One large can pear halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1-3rd cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, 2oz. melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Drain pears; reserve syrup for sauce. Arrange the pear halves on bottom of greased deep-dish or baking-dish (use 6 or 8 pear halves, reserve remainder for other uses). Mix together the brown sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of the cocoa; sprinkle over pears. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the pear syrup and the hot water, bring to boil; pour over pears.

Sift flour with baking-powder, salt, and remaining cocoa. Beat egg until light, gradually beat in white sugar and melted butter. Add the dry ingredients, walnuts, and vanilla; mix thoroughly. Drop spoonfuls of the batter on top of pears and sauce, spread slightly. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Top each serving with some of the chocolate sauce from beneath pudding; add whipped cream if desired.

HOT APRICOT-MACAROON PEARS

One large can pear halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet white wine, 10 macaroons, 2 tablespoons butter, whipped cream.

Drain pears, cut each pear into 4 slices lengthwise. Overlap pear slices in layers in buttered shallow casserole. Heat apricot jam, push through sieve; add wine, stir well, pour over pears. Crush the macaroons, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes or until pears are hot and the macaroon-crumbs are lightly browned. Top each serving with whipped cream. If desired, reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the macaroon-crumbs and fold into the whipped cream to give a crunchy, coconut-flavored cream.

PATCHWORK PUDDINGS

Half pound dessert prunes, 1 can apricot halves, 12oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, apricot sauce.

Remove stones from prunes, if necessary, and drain apricot halves, reserving syrup. Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in the butter with fingertips. Mix in the sugar, make into soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Place layer of mixture in bottom of greased individual pudding-moulds, then top with an apricot and a prune layer. Continue until mould is filled. Cover with greased paper, steam 30 to 35 minutes or until skewer placed through centre of puddings comes out clean. Serve hot with apricot sauce.

Apricot Sauce: Blend 1 cup of the reserved apricot syrup with 1 dessertspoon arrowroot and a good squeeze of lemon juice. Stir over moderate heat until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in few chopped apricots and serve hot.

PEACHES SUZETTE

One can sliced peaches, 4 tablespoons orange juice or sweet sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, whipped cream, pancakes (see recipe for Almond-Peach Pancakes).

Make pancakes, drain peaches, and roll some peach slices inside each pancake. Place in shallow casserole, pour over orange juice or sherry, sprinkle with sugar. Place in moderate oven until heated through. Serve topped with whipped cream.

Continued on page 51

APRICOT CUSTARD SLICES, Hot Apricot-Macaroon Pears, and Almond-Peach Pancakes are at right.



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AUTUMN DESSERTS . . . concluded

APRICOT RAISIN PIE

Ten ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, canned apricot halves, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1½ cups apricot syrup, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup raisins, pinch salt.

Roll pastry out on floured board; use 2-3rds to line an 8in. pie-plate. Roll remaining pastry, cut into ¼in. strips to make lattice top. Cut sufficient apricot halves into pieces to fill 1½ cups. Blend cornflour with some of the apricot syrup, add remainder of syrup, sugar, and salt. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes; add butter, lemon rind and juice, raisins, and apricot pieces. Cool, fill into pastry-case. Lattice top with pastry strips, pinch frill round edge. Brush pastry with water, sprinkle with a little sugar. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or allow to cool before serving.

SPICED PEACH LAYER

One small can peach slices, 2 tablespoons white sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk.

Crumble Topping: One dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon sugar. Rub all ingredients together.

Drain peaches from syrup, place in greased 8in. square tin. Sprinkle with white sugar and cinnamon. Sift flour and salt, add brown sugar, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to firm dough with beaten egg and milk, drop spoonful at a time on to peaches. Sprinkle with crumble topping, bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot with cream.

APRICOT TOPSY-TURVY

Two ounces butter or substitute, ¼ cup brown sugar, canned apricot halves (drained free of syrup), 1 tablespoon chopped place cherries, 3oz. butter (extra), ¼ cup white sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup milk.

Melt the 2oz. butter in 8in. square tin, add brown sugar; mix well, spread over base of tin. Arrange apricot halves in tin, cut side up. Sprinkle cherries between apricots. Cream extra butter with white sugar and vanilla, add unbeaten egg and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk; spoon over apricot halves. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 5 to 10 minutes for caramel to settle, invert on to serving-dish. Serve with cream or custard.

APRICOT RUM BABA

One ounce yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm milk, 2 cups flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons sultanas, 1 dessertspoon currants. **Rum Syrup:** One cup apricot syrup (from canned apricots), ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon rum.

Apricot Glaze: One cup sieved canned apricots, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon water.

Solten yeast in lukewarm milk. Sift flour into bowl, make well in centre, add yeast mixture and lightly beaten eggs. Mix together well, adding a little more lukewarm milk if necessary to make soft dough. Beat by hand 2 minutes. Cover bowl with towel, stand in warm place 45 minutes or until dough has doubled in bulk. Knead butter until very soft. When dough rises, punch down, sprinkle salt and sugar over it. Spread with softened butter, add currants and sultanas. Again beat dough by hand 3 to 4 minutes. Half fill well-lubricated baba mould with dough, stand in warm place until dough rises to top. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake 30 minutes longer or until cake test shows it is done. Loosen from sides of mould with small sharp knife, turn out, prick carefully with fine fork or skewer. Soak thoroughly in rum syrup. Carefully arrange on serving-plate, pour over apricot glaze.

Rum Syrup: In saucepan, combine apricot syrup and sugar, bring to boil, boil, uncovered, 10 minutes. Add lemon juice, remove from heat. Allow to stand to cool a little, then add rum.

Apricot Glaze: Heat sieved apricots with lemon juice and water. Spoon over top of cake so glaze runs down fluted sides.

STEAMED PEAR PUDDING WITH SHERRY SAUCE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons pear syrup, 6 tablespoons diced canned pears, squeeze lemon juice, 4oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 2 eggs, a little milk.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add diced pears, syrup, and lemon juice; mix in evenly. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the beaten eggs. Stir in sufficient milk to make the mixture drop easily from spoon. Spoon into greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper, steam 2 to 2½ hours. Stand 2 minutes before turning out and serving with sherry sauce.

Sherry Sauce: Two egg-yolks, ¼ cup sherry, 2 dessertspoons sugar.

Put sherry, egg-yolks and sugar into top of double saucepan (water beneath should be hot, but not boiling); whisk over hot water until sauce becomes frothy. Serve hot.

APRICOT GOLDEN FLUFF DESSERT

Half cup flour, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 3 eggs, ¼ cup milk, ½ cup sieved canned apricot halves and ½ cup apricot syrup (well blended to make 1½ cups altogether), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, cream.

Sift flour, mix with ¼ cup of the sugar and melted butter. Add beaten egg-yolks and milk, stir until smooth. Fold in mashed apricots and syrup, lemon juice, and egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Fill greased custard cups ¾ full, stand cups in dish of hot water. Bake in very moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool, top with spoonful of whipped cream. Sprinkle with coconut, if desired, or a little grated chocolate.

HOT PEACH COBBLER

One can sliced peaches, 1 cup peach syrup, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon and spice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Place drained peaches in saucepan with 1 cup peach syrup, lemon rind and juice. Bring to boil, allow to cool. Place in greased ovenware casserole. Sift flour with spices and salt. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and beat until soft and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla, making thin batter; pour over peaches. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Apricots can be substituted for peaches in the above recipe.



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APRICOT RUM BABA is soaked in rum syrup, then covered with apricot glaze. Recipe above.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964

Page 51

Question: Which is the soup that overflows with flavour?

Answer: Rosella Tomato – yes – Rosella's got the flavour.



Rosella pick only the best tomatoes, then spice and cook them with imagination to make Rosella Tomato Soup. That's why Rosella Tomato Soup overflows with flavour. (Like every Rosella soup.)



Rosella's got the flavour
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To cut down food bills

● A selection of attractive savory dishes, based on sausage mince and planned to help the budget, wins £5.

THESE recipes were sent in by Mrs. P. Beattie, of West Ryde, N.S.W., who wrote, "I have discovered the virtues of sausage mince over the years, and what a blessing it is when the budget has to be cut to the barest minimum."

Level spoon measurements are used in the recipes.

SAVORY SPAGHETTI

One pound sausage mince, 1 green pepper (chopped), 2 tomatoes (roughly chopped), 2 cloves crushed garlic, 1 chopped onion, 1 carrot (cut into rings), 1 banana (chopped), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 desertspoon lemon juice, water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, good sprinkle pepper, 1 teaspoon chilli sauce, 1 desertspoon worcestershire sauce, 6oz. spaghetti, boiling salted water, grated cheese.

Place all ingredients except worcestershire sauce, spaghetti, water, and cheese in large saucepan with 2 pints water. Bring to boil quickly, then allow to simmer with lid off, stirring occasionally, about 1½ hours or until mixture is of thick consistency; add sauce. Meanwhile, cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, drain and arrange on serving-dish. Spoon over mince mixture and sprinkle with cheese. Serves 6.

CORN AND PINEAPPLE PIE

Two pounds potatoes, 2 or 3 table-spoons flour, 1 beaten egg, salt, pepper, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 desertspoon fat, 1 packet frozen whole kernel corn (or use canned corn), salted water, 3 slices pineapple (fresh or canned), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, little grated cheese, butter or substitute.

Peel and chop potatoes into even-sized pieces, boil in salted water until very floury, drain and mash well. Beat in sifted flour, egg, and seasoning and mix to stiff consistency (a little more flour may be necessary). Spread over base and sides of greased pie-dish (it should be about ½ in. thick all over). Bake in moderate oven until browned and crisp; keep warm.

Heat fat in pan; add mince and lightly fry, turning frequently to prevent crusting or sticking. Drain well on absorbent paper. Cook corn in boiling salted water about 5 minutes, or, if using canned corn, drain. Add corn and finely chopped pineapple to mince, fold in breadcrumbs; season with salt, pepper; fill into

sausage mince, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, fat.

Boil rice in salted water with squeeze of lemon juice added until nearly tender; drain. Dice cheese finely, chop tomato, green pepper, and onion. Combine rice, mince, cheese, tomatoes, green pepper, garlic, onion, egg, flour, and salt; mix well. Drop generous tablespoonfuls of mixture into greased heated pan, cook quickly until "sealed," then turn and seal other side. Reduce heat, continue cooking until done. Serve with vegetables. Serves 4 to 6.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Beattie, 99 Adelaide St., West Ryde, N.S.W.



SAVORY SPAGHETTI is tasty and economical. Recipe at left.

TO WRAP YOU IN WONDERFUL WARMTH!



DIETERS' RECIPE

THIS dessert, although low in calories, contains plenty of nutritive value.

RUM BAVARIAN

Three eggs (separated), 1 cup reconstituted skim milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, little extra skim milk, 1oz. rum, 1 cup well-chilled evaporated milk, 2 to 4 teaspoons liquid sweetener (to taste), squeeze lemon juice.

Beat egg-yolks, then add the 1 cup of skim milk. Place in double saucepan and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Soften gelatine in little extra skim milk (about 1 cup) and add to custard; stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, add rum; cool mixture until it begins to thicken slightly. Whip evaporated milk with lemon juice until very stiff and fold into custard with stiffly beaten egg-whites. Add liquid sweetener to taste. Pour into glass serving-dish, chill in refrigerator until set.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 110.

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Continued from page 17

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

At any rate he couldn't go back to the Bank. Even when it began to rain, he turned up his collar and tramped on.

With such thoughts as these running through his head, he still kept an eye on the time; and arrived home for lunch in the rue d'Antibes at his usual hour.

"You're quite wet, dear," said Mrs. Taylor. "Give me your jacket and I'll dry it. By the way, dear, when I phoned you just after eleven —"

"About some cheap fish?" supplied Eric — still following his own resentful train of thought.

"No, dear, about some wool — you weren't there," said Mrs.

Taylor. "Of course, I knew you hadn't been run over, because no one seemed worried —"

She paused. So did Eric pause, before the implicit question. Now, bitterly, he made the same reply he'd given Martha.

"After thirteen years, I believe I'm sufficiently valuable to be allowed the odd morning off."

His tone was intended to silence. But by this time Mrs. Taylor knew better than to humor her son in one of his odd moods. Instead, and with the kindly, firm precision with which she'd have lanced a gumboil —

"I suppose you went to see Martha?" said Mrs. Taylor.

"As a matter of fact, yes," mumbled Eric. "What's for lunch?"

"Steak-and-kidney pudding," said Mrs. Taylor soothingly. "I'll just get it . . ."

She spoke soothingly indeed, she almost tiptoed from the room; once alone in the kitchen, her expression brightened. Actually the more downcast appeared her son, the better Mrs. Taylor was pleased.

She had made one good guess and could make another — at why he'd been to see Martha; and though it was a motive in a sense creditable, had he returned with any air of success she would have been badly shaken. What Mrs. Taylor feared, in short, wasn't any last attempt to make an honest woman of Martha, but a last attempt to rouse Martha's sense of duty.

Undoubtedly only Martha could instantly confer upon young George the precious gift of British nationality. With the passing years, however, his grandmother had become, if not reconciled to his being French, at least ready to prefer his being French, and hers, to his being British and anyone else's.

By good fortune, George was lunching at school. Mrs. Taylor could allow several healing moments of silence to elapse, and let Eric get some steak-and-kidney pudding inside him, before she probed again.

"Of course, it was only right, to go to her," mused Mrs. Taylor aloud. "She must have been so anxious for . . . news."

Fresh from Martha's rough company, Eric thoroughly appreciated the delicacy of the reference.

"You wouldn't think so if you'd heard her," said Eric dolorously.

Mrs. Taylor achieved a look of surprise.

"Shouldn't I, dear? Why?" "It's an awful thing to say, Mother, but she showed no more interest than if I'd been talking about a stray pup. You'll hardly believe this, but when I offered to let her have George back —"

He paused. The recollection that he'd taken so tremendous (and treacherous) a step behind his mother's back momentarily hobbled him. But Mrs. Taylor's look didn't chide, it rather absolved; she encouraged him to go on.

"I felt it my duty," explained Eric. "After all, she's his mother, Mother; quite apart from the question of his nationality, I thought she might even be . . ."

"Yearning?" offered Mrs. Taylor. "That's it; yearning for him. But not a bit of it," said Eric bitterly. "She just can't be bothered. I ask you, mother, is it believable?"

ACTUALLY to Mrs. Taylor it was not only entirely believable but also a matter for rejoicing. Her happy relief made her charitable.

"I always did think Martha quite heartless," reflected Mrs. Taylor. "But we must remember she has her own future to consider. Without a little . . . stepson, someone might some day be found prepared to marry her."

"Heaven help him!" ejaculated Eric.

"Don't be unkind, dear," chided Mrs. Taylor. "In the meantime, Martha is obviously doing her best to earn a respectable living." (So Mrs. Taylor glossed the most resounding artistic success in Paris memory.)

"Of course, it can't be a steady way of life, but at least she seems able to support herself; and if she can't support poor little George, too, I'm sure I should be the last," finished Mrs. Taylor liberally, "to cast a stone."

In the slight hiatus that followed she watched Eric narrowly for any fresh symptom of revolt against his mother's judgment. But Eric wasn't going to argue. His more than ever downcast look showed him finally convinced that he was going to have poor little George on his hands for life.

With a happy sigh, Mrs. Taylor relaxed. Certainly she wasn't now going to change her tune and revert to Eric's brief kicking against the pricks with any censoriousness; his re-encounter with Martha had proved too great a blessing.

It was a moment for compassionate silence. Indeed, for several moments silence was preserved — if on Eric's side rather doggedly — before Mrs. Taylor, who actually wished for no daughter-in-law whatever, perceived an opportunity to make herself doubly safe.

"As for dear Edith —" began Mrs. Taylor again.

"Mother!" implored Eric. "If you think I want to talk about Edith just now —"

"But we must, dear. The time has come when Edith must be told. All."

"She knows all already," muttered Eric. "She must."

"That little George is yours? Well, of course," admitted Mrs. Taylor. "And I must say I think she's always behaved beautifully about it. But what she doesn't know is that his mother's still alive. I've often fancied," mused Mrs. Taylor, "that Edith thinks of George's mother as having passed on. Of course it makes a difference, that Martha hasn't; and I do feel dear Edith ought to know."

"Why?" demanded Eric.

Mrs. Taylor smiled a companionate smile.

"That, dear, is perhaps something only another woman could understand. Edith has very high principles."

"I know she has. That's why she'd be upset," argued Eric. "Better now than too late," said Mrs. Taylor, sadly but very firmly. "If you must know, dear, the truth is that should . . . should anything happen between you, and Edith found out afterwards that George's mother was alive, she'd feel as though she'd committed . . . bigamy."

To page 55

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964

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MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

So now Eric saw that besides having young George on his hands for life he'd never be able to marry Edith Allen. He always believed everything about women. He put his head down and groaned.

"It needn't spoil your nice friendship," soothed Mrs. Taylor. "And, of course, you needn't tell her. Just leave everything to me."

The line Mrs. Taylor took with Edith Allen was in fact rather different. (Mrs. Taylor lost no time. She picked up Edith at the English Library the very next day, and took her out to a very nice lunch at the English Chop-house — justifiably confident of Miss Allen's self-control in any public place. What a daughter-in-law she would have made, reflected Mrs. Taylor.) But Mrs. Taylor didn't want a daughter-in-law, and so told Edith all as explicitly as possible, though adopting a rather different line.

"So now we know," ended Mrs. Taylor. "Eric is committed to supporting little George for years and years — which you, dear Edith, realise what it costs, at a private school in Paris! Then, of course, there's life-insurance; in the circumstances it must be doubled — poor Eric with not just an old mother's future to think of, but his son's!"

"I mean, if anything happened." (The word "happen," in Mrs. Taylor's vocabulary, usefully covered both marriage and sudden death.)

"So you see, dear Edith, why I've felt it my duty to make plain what Eric, because he's so attached to you, can't bring himself to."

FROM THE BIBLE

"Do all things without murmurings and disputings."

—Philippians 2:14.

What Mrs. Taylor, in fact, made plain was that Eric couldn't afford, never would be able to afford, to marry, and didn't want Edith to go on hoping.

Silently, stoically, like the perfect lady Mrs. Taylor knew her to be, Edith finished her steak. Like Eric, she wasn't going to argue. However, this time Mrs. Taylor was dealing not with her son, but with another woman; and perfect lady though she might be Edith retained a modicum of mother-wit.

She sensed something more to be told, something behind Mrs. Taylor's words; but, Eric's mother ever having treated her with extreme kindness, picked up a false scent.

"Isn't there something else you want to tell me?" asked Edith, painfully. "I don't mind being poor, I've always been poor, and I can't believe Eric would think I minded either, if it was on account of George's education. What you mean is that there's still Martha?"

She pronounced the name, if with difficulty, at least steadily.

"Is Eric still in love with her?"

"Certainly not!" cried Mrs. Taylor.

She checked herself. The denial had been so spontaneous, springing as it did from her deepest, happiest convictions, Mrs. Taylor hadn't taken time to think. Now she saw the moment one for precaution; she thought fast; and after what seemed to Edith no more than a natural halting, came up with a brilliant improvisation.

"Certainly not," repeated Mrs. Taylor, more calmly. "Martha has shown herself too utterly heartless. She may be by way of becoming a celebrity."

"I've read about her," murmured Edith humbly.

"—but if so it's at the expense of every womanly feeling. When Eric, as I've told you, absolutely offered to let her have George back, Martha showed no more interest—these are his very words—than in a stray puppy. It's turned him, I'm afraid

for ever, from all thoughts of marrying; Martha has robbed him of his trust in women.

"How quick and clever of you, dear Edith," said Mrs. Taylor, "to see it isn't just money! If I've talked as though it were, it was to spare you the pain of knowing that not even you can restore that trust. When I spoke of you—"

"Oh, no!" cried Edith.

"But of course I did, my dear. I saw you as Eric's only hope of consolation. But when I spoke of you to him, he just . . . didn't want to hear your name. Thanks to Martha, Eric will die an old bachelor — and I," ended Mrs. Taylor pathetically, "without a daughter-in-law . . ."

Edith Allen sat silent. She didn't,

as Eric had done, put her head down between her hands and groan. She was in a public place.

"It still needn't spoil your nice friendship," reassured Mrs. Taylor, "now that you understand. You do understand, don't you, dear?"

"Thank you for telling me," said Edith Allen.

Rising to pay the bill, Mrs. Taylor kissed her lightly on the cheek.

The odd thing was that in most respects Mrs. Taylor was a thoroughly nice woman.

She reported but the barest bones of this interview to Eric: merely told him that she'd had a chat with Edith, and that Edith had thanked her. What she did advise Eric was to allow a little time to elapse before

their next meeting, just to let Edith get over the shock.

The game was in Mrs. Taylor's hands, she had made herself safe on all counts; she still trembled to think through what perils she'd passed.

"Thank heaven Martha hasn't seen George," cried Mrs. Taylor uncontrollably, "since he was a baby!"

What with the success of her show, of which the notices continued voluminous and uniformly laudatory, and her discovery of Fat Rosa's, Martha's final week in Paris opened very comfortably. A third circumstance was that her encounter with her ex-lover, which she would have gone to any lengths to avoid, now that it was over proved to have been a blessing in disguise.

Her mistake had lain in attempting to avoid instead of grasping the

nettle; upon reflection, Martha felt positively grateful to Eric for taking the initiative and enabling her to get everything finally washed up.

In this new mood of amenity she refrained from either scowling at critics or biting the head off M. Cerisier. The latter, indeed, after the most startling sales in his gallery's records, would almost have offered his head on a platter, and so far flung economy to the winds as to present Martha, at a luncheon "a trois" with le maitre, the homage of a sizeable spray of orchids.

Nothing could have been less appropriate to a stout serge lapel — but nothing either, as a testimony of the art trade's solid interest, more encouraging; Martha and le maitre exchanged cheerful looks.

"Though as to where mademoiselle shows next year," mused le

To page 58

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Page 56



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 20, 1964

Be your own handyman

PRETTY SWAG BEDHEAD EASY TO MAKE

Looking for an easy, attractive bedhead you can make in a jiffy? Here's one that any sewing novice could tackle with perfect ease.

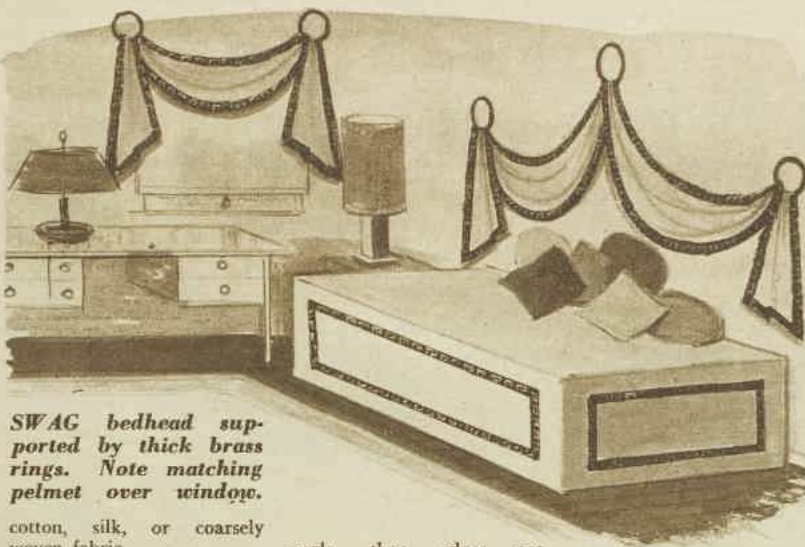
If there is any material left over from your bedspread then you are off to a good start, because here is a chance to make something from nothing. And a swag bedhead that matches the bedspread looks like a

planned detail instead of an afterthought.

The sketches on this page show how effective the bedhead can look. It needs only hemming, then any desired trimming or edging added. When this is done, all you have to do is drape it prettily through decorative fittings on the wall.

To make a swag, you'll need about 2yds. of 36in.-wide fabric; a little less for a single bed. Or, if using a wider fabric, cut 1yd. piece down the centre lengthwise, then join to make one long strip. When draped on the wall, this join should be placed on the top support so that it is hidden.

Fullness can depend on the effect required, the amount of material available, and its texture. For instance, if draping a flimsy material, you'll need more than if using a heavier



SWAG bedhead supported by thick brass rings. Note matching pelmet over window.

cotton, silk, or coarsely woven fabric.

To gauge what looks best, hold the fabric behind the bed, getting another person to help drape and hold it. Two helpers are better still; then you can stand back and check the proportions.

There are many ways a swag can be supported. Plain and fancy brass curtain tie-backs costing from about 30/- each can be bought in furnishing departments and decorating boutiques.

Like flowers

Some curtain tie-backs resemble flowers or medallions, and when screwed to the wall a supporting bar about 2in. long (which allows the large decorative knob to stand out from the wall) holds the fabric.

Another method is to attach large, thick brass rings to the wall, threading fabric through. Or try some old-fashioned coat-rack hooks, or screw cuphooks into the wall so that you can tie ribbon bows or attach material loops where fabric is to be caught up.

The swag can be made on the straight of fabric, or, if very deep, full drapes are required, on the cross-grain of the fabric. Ends can be left straight or cut at an

angle, then edges are narrowly hemmed to prevent fraying.

Many materials are suitable, and if you hunt round the stores probably you will be able to pick up remnants of material at very little cost.

One of the cheapest materials is hessian, and this you can dye to match the color scheme of your room. Cotton and gingham fall into the inexpensive range also.

To give a rich glow to the room, make your bedhead in an eye-catching velvet, shot taffeta, or Thai silk.

If using a plain fabric, the swag could be trimmed with a flat braid, bobble braid, or fringe to match or contrast with the bedspread.

Ribbon or lace would make a very pretty trimming on a swag over a young child's bed. For a baby girl or boy, choose a flimsy material and trim it in either blue or pink.

Variations

The swags can be adapted to particular tastes, and many variations can be made on the basic theme, especially for children's rooms.

For a girl's room, make an organdie curtain, trimmed on inside edges

with a frill, draped either side of the bed from a gold-painted wooden circle. Tie up at ends with ribbons to match the bedspread. What little girl wouldn't feel like a princess as she slept under this each night!

Sea theme

For a young boy, why not use fishnet for the swag? Before draping the material, sew it with shells or corks, or both, to give a nautical effect. The material could be held above the bed by a small anchor, perhaps, which could be made quite easily from wood.

Teenagers' rooms would need a bedhead more suited to their hobbies or interests. For a girl, dyed hessian to which felt cutouts have been sewn would make the room look gay. They could be of anything from The Beatles to perhaps a violin and notes of music if there is a young musician in the family.

For the teenage boy, you could use the same material dyed in school colors and attach cutouts of footballs or tennis racquets. Alternatively, why not make an extra-large school pennant and use this as a bedhead, running it at an angle behind the bed.



CHARMING design for young girl's bedroom.

A Facial Beauty Hint

If you have an hour or so to spare or if you seek pleasurable occupation for moments of weekend leisure, take the opportunity of giving yourself a home facial. It is not only beautifying, but also flattering to your complexion.

Prepare yourself by being sure that every strand of hair is drawn away from your face behind a headband. Wash your hands, thoroughly — never, never



MRS. PEARL DONALD
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

touch your skin with unwashed hands — and you are ready. If your skin is dry, cleanse it first with a delf lemon cleanser that has soothing properties. This means you avoid any form of detergency which could further rob the skin of valuable natural oils. A normal or oily skin can, of course, be cleaned with a bland beauty soap or by the emulsion water blend method which drains from the skin grime that is not only soluble in water, but also soluble in oil. This emulsion milk is particularly helpful in cleaning the oily type of skin of muddiness as often undissolved particles remain in the skin through incorrect cleansing. Rinse the complexion clear. Relax for a moment on your bed in readiness for the next move. Dream away as many minutes as you can spare and you may also tone the eyelids and clear the eyes at the same time by placing pads dampened with delf lemon freshener over the eyes.

Now, using your moist oil of ulan, begin your massage at the base of the throat and stroke upwards towards the chin; the throat needs as much care as, if not more than, your face. Those of you with extra dry skins should use the moist ulan oil in a rich vitalizing night cream base for this massaging. Feeling soothed? Then start your facial massage. Smooth from the jaw to the ear, from the nose to the temple, up the cheeks, from the chin to the lips and then across the forehead.

Lastly, do not forget to pat gently around the eyes. Here the moist ulan oil which is hygroscopic (moisture attracting) will keep the very tender skin about the eyes in good condition. It is an important feature of facial massage to remember always to work upwards and outwards.

Finally, use your delf freshener to tone the skin, which will enable you to gain the advantage of skin refinement. You are now ready to make-up. Re-apply your moist ulan oil as a foundation — then your tinted base, rouge or eye make-up and powder. You will feel and look more radiant and you will find your skin has taken on a more youthful look.

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MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

maitre, "of course remains to be seen. Myself, I cannot think mademoiselle entirely happy about the lighting." "Abominable," agreed Martha. "Next year it will be divine!" assured M. Cerisier.

They were all old pros together. Martha knew perfectly well that when she next showed in Paris it would be in the gallery of M. Cerisier; and so did M. Cerisier know, and so did le maitre. Martha and le maitre were simply staking a claim to the best two weeks of the season, also a fractionally higher percentage on sales. They all knew what they were about, as she settled down to that excellent luncheon paid for by Mr. Joyce.

Martha, after her single letter,

didn't bother to write to Mr. Joyce again. Hadn't he told her to forget him? Only le maitre's punctually dispatched press-cuttings informed her patron of Martha's progress.

Often in the small hours of the morning (his light was always on) the old man with extreme pains and precaution, employing the one hand he could still use, pulled them out and applied to them the one eye he could still use. It was an unnecessary effort; he knew every word by heart—as did his daughter Miranda, made to read and re-read each cutting aloud until she was quite sick of them.

Martha was always to attract more devotion than she deserved. On the other hand, her brief scrawl and its postscript undoubt-

edly helped her patron to keep a grip on life.

Mr. Joyce hadn't let Miranda read it to him. He had deciphered it, painfully, with his one good eye, by himself. "Honestly, Dadda, a person would think it was a love letter!" scoffed Miranda—and watched jealously for a second envelope addressed in Martha's hand. But Martha didn't write again, and Mr. Joyce, great man that he was, didn't want her to. He wanted Martha to be free from all emotional preoccupation.

So Martha was—after her interview with Eric Taylor. (Mr. Joyce, unsuspicious of any love affair whatever, and still less so of its consequences, had in a sense the wrong sow by the ear). Martha

needed neither to feel any professional anxiety—M. Cerisier's orchid at her buttonhole more eloquent than any number of press-cuttings. What chiefly promoted Martha's comfort, however, during her second week in Paris, was her discovery of Fat Rosa's.

She lost no time in becoming a regular patron. Besides the excellence and cheapness of its ices, the little shop offered the further advantage of being handy to the studio; le maitre could easily find her there, or leave a message.

Another thing Martha appreciated was the complete lack of chichi; the cloths on the tables within, though clean, were frankly darned; the four tables outside on the pavement did without cloths at all. The glass was as thick as the china, the metal of the spoons anonymous.

There was no more chichi about the proprietress: Fat Rosa wasn't

statuesque, she wasn't Rubens-like, she was simply fat. "Observe the corset-maker's despair!" chuckled Fat Rosa, jovially slapping her exuberant stomach—also digging a friendly elbow into Martha's own well-fleshed ribs.

Martha liked it at Fat Rosa's. She felt at home there. She was only sorry she hadn't discovered Fat Rosa's sooner, and made up for lost time by leaving the Relais earlier each morning to drop in for a supplementary cafe-creme; also in the late afternoon was usually to be found there consuming "chocolats" and gossiping with Fat Rosa.

It was remarkable that Martha, who had practically no French, and Fat Rosa, who had practically no English, managed to carry on quite long conversations—mainly on the subject of food; they spoke a sort of culinary "lingua franca." Of course there was no fashionable audience to inhibit as Martha twisted her tongue to discuss such favorite dishes as "coq au vin" and "tripes a la mode," but she undoubtedly expended far more effort on behalf of Fat Rosa than on behalf of a last link with Proust.

ALL Martha's moments at this time making news, a journalist who trailed her there and Fat Rosa's in the news, too. Luckily Fat Rosa never looked at a newspaper and didn't raise prices; Martha herself learned of the circumstance only through le maitre. "Modest celebrity shuns fashionable restaurants," quoted le maitre sardonically.

"What did I tell you?" continued — "It is all publicity!" "Is it the right sort?" asked Martha. "Undoubtedly," grinned le maitre. "It is the best sort possible, to be celebrated, also so modest!" For a moment Martha reflected: a brief, rare moment of self-examination. "I shouldn't call myself particularly modest," she said. "No more than Lucifer," agreed le maitre. "The publicity is still excellent. Might it not be charitable to let your friend cash in on it?"

"Then she would put her price up," said Martha sensibly. "Besides, if she knew who I am, she might start on Art."

So Fat Rosa, to Martha's satisfaction, continued to entertain a celebrity unaware. Actually what Fat Rosa felt for Martha was chiefly pity, as a person of obviously sound instincts born in a country of twenty religions and only one sauce; and, learning on the Saturday afternoon that Martha was to depart in two days' time, took the opportunity of the shop's being empty to write out a dozen recipes, in violet ink on the back of old menu-cards, for the latter to carry home to her barbarous, fog-bound shores.

"Merci, very much," said Martha sincerely—and reflecting that there was usually at least one of her students who could read French. "If you could, I'd give you one for steak-and-kidney pudding."

"Ah! Le steak-and-kidney boudin!" exclaimed Fat Rosa eagerly.

"Mais je can't," apologized Martha.

It crossed her mind that there was one dame in the rue d'Amboise who made smashers; but any conjunction between Fat Rosa and Mrs. Taylor was obviously too bizarre to contemplate. It was a coincidence, nonetheless, that the memory just then occurred; as Rosa returned behind her counter, Martha glanced toward the door, half-expectant of le maitre, but walked Eric Taylor.

He wasn't this time, as at the Relais, alone; his hand trembled on a child's shoulder. For the first time since he was two weeks old, Martha beheld her son.

He favored, as the phrase goes, his father. There was no trace of the engaging sturdiness that had led a "grosse bourgeoise" in the train as Martha returned to Paris from her lying-in, to offer instant adoption, no questions asked. For his age young George was tall, but narrow across the shoulders; his large head, upon a too-thin neck, repeated feature by feature Eric's peculiarly undistinguished countenance.

The resemblance, originally a welcome surprise (as enabling Martha to deposit him on the Taylor doorstep

To page 61



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Here's What You Need for the basic mixture

8 ozs. self-raising flour
Pinch of salt
4 ozs. butter
4 ozs. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

Note: All cup measurements are standard 8 oz. measuring cup. All spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

Here's What You Do

1. Sift flour and salt together.
2. Cream the butter and sugar in a mixing bowl and add the vanilla essence.
3. Beat in the egg.
4. Stir in the sifted flour and salt

alternately with the milk.

5. Drop from a teaspoon on to a greased tray, and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes.
6. Lift the cookies on to a wire rack to cool.

Here's what you need for the 4 variations

Currant Spice Cookies

2 level teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup Currants
Stir the cinnamon with the flour and add Currants *after* the egg. Brown sugar may be used instead of white.

Orange Raisin Cookies

(Basic mixture but *without* the

vanilla essence)

- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Raisins
- Cream orange rind with the butter and sugar. Add Raisins *after* the egg.

Sultana Chocolate Cookies

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sultanas
2 ozs. chocolate pieces
Add Sultanas and chocolate pieces *after* the egg.

Fruit Cookies

1 cup Mixed Fruit
Small quantity desiccated coconut to decorate.
Add Mixed Fruit *after* the egg. Sprinkle tops with coconut before baking.



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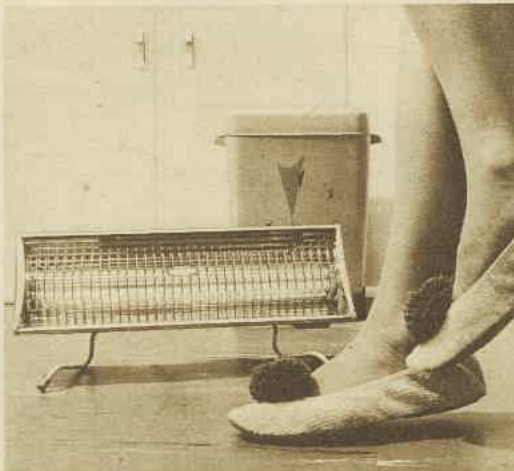
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3.30 p.m. Kiddies home already — soaking wet and shivering, too! Hecla's Suparay dries them out, stops teeth chattering with two-bar infra-red heat. **£8-10-0** or three-bar at **£9-19-6**



8.00 p.m. Dishes done: Time to relax with the family. Hecla Hercules is Australia's first infra-red/convection room heater. Gives personal warmth, plus round-the-room warmth. **17 gns.**



10.30 p.m. And so to bed — to sleep deeper on your Hecla Sleepwarm Electric Blanket. Six different models in normal or extra low voltage and priced from just **£13-19-6**

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

step without explanation), now definitely repelled her.

Eric himself wasn't looking his best. His pale, quivering features gave the impression of being out of control. He had in fact screwed himself up to an act so foreign to his gentle nature, nature was taking physical revenge. Only his mother's words — "Thank heaven Martha hasn't seen George!" — could have impelled him to it — Eric always believing everything his mother said.

But where was now that explosion of maternal affection, the rash exclamation so obviously adumbrated, and which Mrs. Taylor so obviously feared, and of which the expectation had brought Eric new hope? Martha looked so little either affectionate or maternal, his heart sank.

He advanced nonetheless — advancing the child with him.

"Say good afternoon, George," prompted Eric, "to your mother."

In the ensuing flash of antagonism between his elders the fact that the child said nothing of the sort, but remained completely mute, passed unnoticed. Martha's glance at her ex-lover was blazing; though she hadn't herself heard Mrs. Taylor's rash words, and though she'd never read the older melodramatists, she immediately both perceived Eric's aim and mentally dug in her heels against all emotional blackmail.

"He'd better say good-bye," said Martha. "I'm off on Monday and thank heavens for it."

MARTHA'S glance blazed as readily as a Gorgon's. With more effort Eric thrust out his jaw.

"Sit down, George," ordered Eric.

The child sat. So did his father. Since Martha, who had just started on a second "chocolat," wasn't going to budge, they made up quite a family party.

"I suppose you know," said Martha coldly, "that you're probably knocking his psyche or whatever it is into a cocked hat?"

"Not at all," said Eric. "I've spent all afternoon preparing him." "He'll have a trauma or whatever it is," said Martha.

It was perhaps fortunate that at this instant Fat Rosa bore down on them with a plate of pastries. She had observed the encounter with the greatest interest and sympathy. "For the little one!" cried Fat Rosa. "With the compliments of the house!" George instantly shot out a paw toward a cherry tartlet. He had all this while said nothing at all. The one thing he seemed to have inherited from his mother was her taciturnity.

For a moment Eric sat equally dumb. As at the Relais d'Angoulême, he'd come too well prepared with a single line of approach to stuff at all readily to any other.

"If you'd like a coffee," offered Martha disagreeably, "I dare say that'll be on the house, too."

"Thank you, no," said Eric.

"Have it your own way." There was a second slight, by no means relaxed pause while Eric reassembled his wits. At least mother and son were confronted — and when might such a conjunction lie in his power to bring about again? All his best instincts already violated, as a last desperate throw he determined to be a thorough-going cad. Actually in the presence of young George —

"I'll tell you what will give him a trauma," said Eric deliberately, "and that's knowing his mother's ashamed of him."

"But I'm not," said Martha. She was genuinely surprised. It wasn't a point of view that had occurred to her, nor had it cropped

up, so far as she could recollect, at the Relais.

What surprised her even more was the enthusiasm with which Eric greeted a mere off-hand statement of fact.

"Martha! Then you really would?" exclaimed Eric. "You really would acknowledge him?"

"Well, it depends what you mean by acknowledge," said Martha hastily. "Not if it means getting him endorsed on my passport and taking him home and all the rest of it. But if I had to have him around, of course I'd say he was my son. I'm too busy to keep telling lies. Which is the whole point, if you'd only realise it; I'm too busy. Some people," added Martha cen-

soriously, "don't seem to know what work is."

"If you call messing about with paint, work —" began Eric furiously; and checked himself. He'd read the art-columns of the "Figaro." In the face of Martha's notorious Parisian success, he had to admit the phrase inadequate. It was indeed but the sudden dashing of his latest hopes that prompted so foolish a retort. As at the Relais d'Angoulême, Eric perceived the only adequate retort a physical one. Once again he almost clouted Martha.

Fortunately, once again — since to have clouted the mother of his son in the presence of that son would probably have given Eric a trauma of his own — their colloquy was interrupted: not this time by le maitre, nor by Fat Rosa, but by the sudden incursion of Edith Allen.

It wasn't so much any womanly instinct on Martha's part that so

swiftly put her in the picture, as her accurate eye. Edith's teapot profile and wishy-washy coloring didn't rate a second glance; but somewhere in Paris she had managed to find a nice saxe-blue suit, a hat, also saxe-blue, with a brim and a crown and a ribbon round it, and a pair of sensible low-heeled shoes: all in all presenting such a striking example of what could be achieved in the capital of fashion to put fashion out of countenance and win the love of an Anglo-Saxon bank-clerk, Martha was in the picture before a word had been spoken. "Edith!" cried Eric.

"Eric!" cried Edith. "Forgive me! I suspected this was where you might have taken George, so I came! Tell me you forgive me!"

Eric's answering glance forgave her at once. Martha had never, in

To page 64



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Easy-to-knit crew or V-neck sweater, Free pattern 22. Cardigan below, Free pattern 54.

2 1/2 BALL



KNIT HIS & HERS, SHIRT IN NYLO GREPE

Sporty long or short-sleeve shirts. Popular wool is nylonised to keep its shape. Ask for Free pattern 1.

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KNIT CHILD'S CARDIGAN IN 5-PLY CREPE

Smart raglan style in easy-to-knit, nylonised 5-ply crepe. Sizes 24 to 32 chest. Ask for Free pattern 24.

2 1/2 BALL



KNIT BOAT NECK SWEATER IN NYLO SPORTS WOOL

Even a beginner could knit this elegant self-patterned sweater in a few days in 8-ply. Ask for Free pattern 14.

2 1/2 BALL

And many other NEW PATTERNS for all the family!

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

Prices slightly higher in some country areas and Nth. Territory.



GERANIUMS WITH A DIFFERENCE

● Lovers of geraniums find great pleasure and satisfaction in the large range of existing varieties, but new ones are being constantly produced, to the delight of the specialist and to the interest of the home gardener.

THE late Mr. Ted Both, an acknowledged authority and enthusiast on geraniums, of Flinders Park, Adelaide, S.A., developed a strain which has produced many beautiful varieties.

Pictured on the next two Gardening Book pages, they make a lovely show and can be grown in pots or garden beds with great effect.

The star-shaped flowers range from white through pink, deep cerise, and dark red, on stems up to 18in. long. Some are multicolored.

Blooms are both double and single, some with attractive fringed petals.

Mr. Both developed the strain from a single salmon-pink seedling.

He was unable to trace the origin of the seedling, but believed it had probably come up as a stray and had been propagated by someone who kept no record of it.

Mrs. Both said that her husband

noticed a strong resemblance to a geranium described in some books as *Pelargonium staphysagroides*. For this reason he used the name "staphysagroides" for all the new varieties, with numbers to distinguish the individuals.

As the flowers had such a decided star shape, Mr. Both had intended giving them the names of the galaxies, but he died before this was done.

Mrs. Both, who always worked with her husband, released several varieties in March, 1963, under their numbers.

A botanist states, however, that the name *staphysagroides* cannot in a true botanical sense be used for the new varieties, as it can really be applied only to the original species, which is a South African one.

Mr. Both's varieties resemble the Chinese Cactus or Fiery Chief, a single "five-fingered" geranium which has similar foliage and flowers.

Gardening Book—page 321



No. 475



No. 406



No. 486

THREE VARIETIES of *staphysagroides* (see Gardening Book, page 322) taken at Morjs' Margot Nurseries, Belmont, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book—page 323



SPECIMENS of new strain of geraniums which Adelaide authority the late Mr. Ted Both developed and named *staphysagroides*. Varieties are at present identified by numbers (see examples in Gardening Book, page 323).

Gardening Book—page 322

STRIKING THE CUTTINGS

AUTUMN and early spring are the best times to take cuttings of geraniums. For striking cuttings, terracotta pots, wooden flats, or individual 2in. to 3in. peat pots can be used.

Place a layer of peat moss at the bottom of the container, then add coarse river sand until container is nearly full.

Spray the cuttings lightly with water, and never allow the soil to dry out. Discard any weak cutting which has not made a firm root system after, say, four to six weeks.

When plants have made growth and their roots are firmly established, they may be moved to larger pots or into the garden.

Geraniums are hardy and will thrive in any well-drained, sunny garden. Given the right conditions, most will flower the year round in frost-free areas.

If the garden soil is acid, a light dusting of lime may be given, if possible some weeks before planting.

Geraniums prefer a light, medium loam, so if the soil is of a clayey texture it should be broken up with coarse river sand and peat moss, adding a light dressing of well-rotted cow manure.

Don't make the soil too rich; you may get all leaf and no flowers.

And don't fertilise a newly potted plant. Allow at least two or three weeks for it to settle in. Water plants thoroughly before applying any liquid fertiliser.



ANOTHER NOVELTY available in nurseries is the north European wild blue geranium (*Geranium sylvaticum*). It's dormant in winter. Others are *G. grandiflora* (has flowers 2in. across, grows to 12ft.), *ibericum*, and *willichianum*.

Photographed in Mr. Owen Fletcher's garden, Bowral, N.S.W.

Gardening Book—page 324

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

fact, seen a man look more relieved. Thus encouraged, Edith hastened on.

"We haven't seen each other for days," pursued Edith rapidly, "not since your mother told me all! And it's so vitally important! George, run along to the English Library and tell Miss Macbeth you're to have any book you choose."

Unexpectedly, George looked not at his father but at Martha. The latter sat perfectly expressionless, however, declining (though all for getting rid of him) any slightest assumption of authority.

"George, do as Miss Allen tells you!" ordered Edith; and only then did young George slope off.

Edith had, meanwhile, sat down and removed a pair of white fabric

gloves. Like Eric she was pale, but now at least far more composed.

"It's such a nuisance," she explained lightly, "not to be able to speak French in front of a child! — because, of course, George understands French perfectly."

"He'd be a half-wit if he didn't," agreed Martha.

It was noticeable that no introduction had been performed. Actually none was necessary; as Martha had recognised Edith so Edith had recognised Martha — from her picture in the papers; but Edith was still displaying great aplomb.

"And, of course, we wouldn't want him to hear anything that might give him a trauma," she con-

tinued. "I mean, whatever we have to say to each other—"

Released from the presence of his son, Eric exploded.

"What Martha has to say," he interrupted furiously, "is that she isn't ashamed of George, and is perfectly capable of supporting him, only she's just too damned selfish."

Martha regarded him wearily. "I didn't say anything of the sort. I said I was too busy. You either can't or won't see my point."

"No, I'm damned if I can!" shouted Eric.

"But I do," said Edith Allen.

Martha blinked. So indeed did Eric. As for Edith, she smiled the sweet, smug smile of an angel skimming over troubled waters bearing an oil-can. It was obvious that she

had begun to enjoy herself — as what woman would not, mistress of such a situation?

"Eric doesn't know it, yet, but I'm really a terrific feminist," explained Edith — shooting her beloved nonetheless a reassuring glance. "I dare say it's because our school had such a wonderful Head; who always taught us that any one woman's achievement should be a pride to all. Oh, Martha — may I call you that? — wouldn't it be wonderful if you were ever damned?"

Martha, dimly perceiving among all this rigmarole something emerging to her advantage, grunted encouragingly.

"And, of course, you couldn't be, could you, if everyone knew you'd a . . . little illegit," pronounced Edith daringly. "I believe they're terribly strict about these things? And I've been thinking and think-

ing, ever since Mrs. Taylor talked to me; and though Eric may think you heartless, what I think is how wonderful of you, to give up your only child to strike a blow for all women everywhere!"

Before this rewarding gloss on her conduct Martha could only sit silent, digesting it. In any case, Eric spoke for her.

"Darling, it's you who are wonderful!" cried Eric.

"Well, I have tried to put things in their proper perspective," said Edith modestly. "If only I've helped restore your trust in women — Oh, Eric, have I?"

Since Eric didn't know his trust had ever been destroyed, his answering look was slightly baffled — but nonetheless devoted.

"I know there's one woman I'd trust for ever," affirmed Eric devotedly.

E DITH turned

fine coral-pink.

"Truly? Really and truly?" cried Edith Allen. "Then I promise you, Martha George will always find a proper, loving home with us!"

At which words she was startled as Martha to see Eric almost jump out of his skin.

"Edith! D'you mean you'd marry me?" cried Eric Taylor.

"Well, of course, darling!" cried Edith.

"Even though Martha's still alive?"

Since Edith didn't know she should have felt as though she was committing bigamy, she looked surprised as had Eric.

"But I'm glad Martha's alive," protested Edith.

"Striking a blow for women everywhere," put in Martha. She was still so relieved at this unexpectedly happy issue to Eric's underhand attack, she achieved a rare politeness. "And I must say, warmer congrats all round," added Martha. "I think you're wonderful, too, and so is George, and I'd like to send my regards to your Head."

"One day, after you're damned, you might even come and give prizes?" suggested Edith eagerly.

"Even that," promised Martha, and observing le maitre on the pavement, walked cheerfully out of Fat Rosa's.

To her surprise, he met her with a black look. Le maitre had, in fact, been observant of Martha in some moments before Martha noticed him: he had also observed Eric. At the Relais d'Angouleme in his hurry and annoyance, le maitre had barely given Eric a glance — merely saw him from the tail of an eye as an agitated silhouette; now a moment's scrutiny sufficed to recall the blue-jersey Picasso-type to whom he'd once refused Martha's address.

"At least Martha has not made a fool of herself yet!" had scrawled le maitre on that occasion; and he only hoped to heaven she wasn't making a fool of herself now.

"Who was that man with you?" demanded le maitre harshly.

"I told you before, he works in the City of London (Paris branch) Bank," said Martha.

"I told you at the Relais, this morning I came to the studio."

"Now I remember, that is true," said le maitre. He also remembered a certain phrase uttered in his study. "I work in a bank myself . . . And too evidently, it was the same man." "And you have been meeting him again?—after ten years?"

"Only by accident," reassured Martha. She could see for herself what le maitre was driving at, though where he'd got his information she couldn't imagine. "That Edith you must have seen, too," added Martha, "is going to marry him."

"Ah!" said le maitre.

On the verge of leaving Paris, Martha was naturally in heightened demand: from Fat Rosa's le maitre conveyed her to a couple of cocktail parties preliminary to a buffet supper. (Fortunately Martha never drank at cocktail parties: she ate.) This was a considerable relief to le maitre, when he contemplated what Martha might have said to an critic with alcohol inside her.

On this particular evening, however, he could almost have allowed

To page 65



she's smart! she's thrifty! she always buys **DAWN**
Dawn toilet tissue is soft and strong, pretty and thrifty. Dawn is Australia's
greatest value in quality tissue . . . in softest white, pink, blue and primrose

REGISTERED TRADE MARK KKD/1A

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

her a glass of champagne, so un- commonly affable did Martha dis- play herself: with his own ears le- maitre heard her actually attempting to speak French to a last link with Proust — though why, in heaven's name, on the subject of female edu- cation?

The last link didn't object: any young woman with Martha's skin could have held his attention with the multiplication table, but was it possible, le maitre asked himself, that Martha had at last realised it?

"Listen," said le maitre, in their shared taxi, "do me a favor. I possess a very beautiful mandarin robe. At this party we are going to, do me the favor of wearing it."

Martha looked suspicious. "Is it a fancy-dress party?"

"No. That does not matter. You are now sufficiently famous to wear anything you please."

"I still don't want to look like Madame Butterfly," objected Martha.

"You will not. This is not a madame, it is as I say a mandarin robe, of indigo tribute-silk. For the last two weeks," reminded le maitre, "have I not given up my very moment outside classes to you?"

"I have not given up my private affairs to you with a handkerchief?"

"I am an impresario, am I a nursemaid? Give me at least for once the pleasure of showing you as you are."

"Oh, all right," said Martha.

THEY had to go to the studio for it. It was kept there, le maitre's mandarin-robe, along with several other picturesque cos- tumes — only more precious, not actually biggedly-piggledly into the most known to students as the madame, but singularly wrapped in tribute-silk. Tribute-silk does not look like the paper was a tribute to the madame — at Martha at once appreci- ated.

"It's the best indigo, in stuff, I've ever seen," allowed Martha judi- ciously. "It's like the middle bit of a poppy. It's like mussel-shells. It's like..."

"Stop arranging your palette and voice it on," said le maitre.

While Martha uninhibitedly re- moved her smock, and buttoned her- self in, he turned on all the top lights. He also pulled forth the tall mirror usually employed to reflect a model's back, but which was now to reflect something more extra- ordinary. Before it Martha stared, dispassionately; but there was no deceiving her accurate eye.

Contrasted with indigo, her short- cropped hair appeared not straw- colored, but pale golden; above the dark silk collar her throat rose palely and luscious as the flesh of a peach, the dark stiff folds descend- ing at once concealed and promised the full-bodied, big-breasted shape of a goddess.

"I knew it," said le maitre.

"Well?"

"I look all right," admitted Martha.

"Since when have you been afraid of the plain word?" asked le maitre.

"Why not say, beautiful?"

"Very well: beautiful."

She stood silent again. So might any young woman have stood silent, preserving herself for the first time

in her life as beautiful. In the generality of such cases, the mirror is the eye of the lover; Martha saw herself beautiful under the harsh top lights of an empty studio. Hers was also the rare opportunity to display her beauty immediately and in public: at a buffet-supper where she was waited for by "tout Paris"

"Go back, wash your face, put it on," instructed le maitre, "and in half an hour I will fetch you."

"No," said Martha.

Le maitre stared. "What do you mean, no? Have you not said yourself, you are beautiful?"

"That's just it," said Martha. "I haven't the time to be beautiful."

Not if I am going to paint prop- erly. I wasted enough time here even when they still called me Mother Bunch."

"If you mean that a blue-period Picasso-type once made advances to you—" began le maitre.

"Actually it went a bit further," said Martha moderately. "Anyway, weren't you as pleased as I was when I told you he was going to marry Edith?"

"That is beside the point," re- tortured le maitre. "To refuse for ever to appear beautiful simply because you might again attract a fool is ridiculous! Consider that you might attract a man of sensibility, of position, who would be of assistance in your career!"

"Like M. Cerisier?"

"Sometimes I think you have the devil in you," said le maitre. "Natu- rally not old Cerisier, he with his six children, the most domestic man alive!"

"They're all domestic," stated Martha, "or any way expect their wives to be. Even their mistresses men expect to want children run- ning around the place."

"You have evidently had more experience than one imagined," said le maitre, with an intention of irony. Even as he spoke, however, he saw that he was not to have his way; he recognised Martha's expression.

"I have," said Martha. "And it's something I'm never going to go through again, now I'm shot of it all at last."

Slowly, stolidly, she unbuttoned the dark silk collar. For a last mo- ment she looked at herself, as the

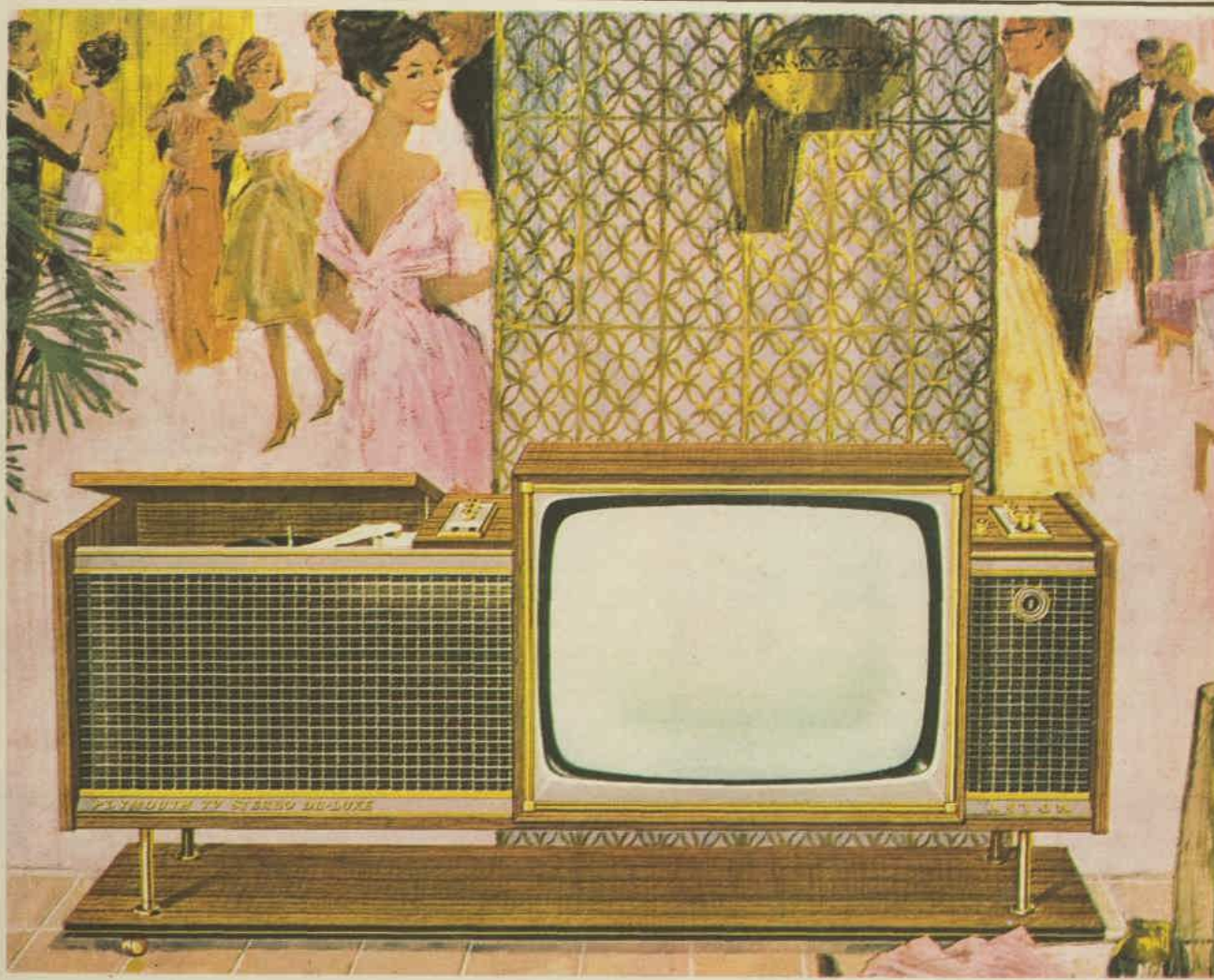
indigo folds opened: saw her shoul- ders emerge even pearlier and more luscious than her throat. — Then she reached for her smock.

"I'll have a wash all the same," said Martha. "Get me a cab, then come and pick me up."

Bracing herself against the taxi's Gallic boundings, she reviewed her situation and found it completely satisfactory. She was better able than most women to put aside the gift of beauty; she desired neither husband nor lover, nor to be ad- mired, nor to make other women envious. All she wanted was to be unencumbered.

As now she was, Martha hauled herself from the taxi and stumped into the lobby of the Relais as con- tented as she'd ever been in her life.

To page 66



Dance, listen, look ahead with 'Plymouth'

The entertainment centre of your home

Short of hiring a cabaret you couldn't get more versatile entertainment than Plymouth gives. Plymouth by ASTOR combines TV viewing at its best, the thrilling experience of stereo record playing, plus round-the-clock entertainment of radio. It brings glamorous 'look-ahead' styling. With elegant gold trim. With a range of imported veneers, including teak. Best of all, costs little more than one TV receiver. Imagine, no more difficult-to-match individual units to crowd your room. One plug. No masses of untidy cord. Instead a long, low, graceful example of modern furniture that makes you wonder why you'd settle for anything less.

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It's fabulous furniture

Timbers to match your scheme. Not imitation, but authentic veneers of maple, walnut, mahogany or the rich charm of teak. This is the cabinetry that has made the name 'Gainsborough' famous — and it's an ASTOR feature no one can match.

Exclusive Polyester finish. Here's a glass-hard, blemish-free surface that won't scratch or burn, and stains simply wipe off. Easy to care for with a depth and beauty that brings out the natural colours of the timbers it protects.

Look at the difference in styling. See how well ASTOR designers have solved the problem of bulk. The slim lines, the clever magazine rack. It looks like a lowboy — moves like a console, on silent castors.

It's tremendous T.V. You know why more people own ASTOR — because of its year-in year-out service-free performance and its remarkably clear picture. Plymouth is designed to cater for all existing and future channels.

It's superb Stereo. The advanced re- cord-changer brings you stereo with a realism that's quite astonishing. Four

speeds, it plays all sizes (mono too) and the featherweight pick-up brings out the best your records are capable of. Con- cert-hall performance from twin double- cone speakers with impressive tone and volume. And there's a record storage closet too!

It's full-range Radio. This radio isn't included just as an 'extra' — it's a full- size, full-range radio in its own right. Its power and selectivity is matched by fade-free performance under all condi- tions. In-built ferrite rod aerial, com- bined on-off and tone switch, super- heterodyne circuit combine with many other ASTOR proved features to bring you the best that radio can offer.



Another example of superb craftsmanship and technical skill from ASTOR. TV, Stereo and Radio in one glamorous unit.



On the petit-point sofa under the Modigliani sat young George.

At the sight of her the child rose. He carried a small cheap nosegay such as is bought at street stalls; such as Martha herself had been used to carrying round to the rue d'Antibes on Friday evenings ten years before. Behind her, the manageress clucked fondly.

"So eager was the little one to present his small tribute, I knew mademoiselle would not wish him sent away!" smiled the manageress. "Two hours has he been waiting!"

Martha advanced. With repugnance and indignation she recognised, for all Edith's

Continued from page 65

and Eric's fine words, their hands on a last tug at her heart-strings. As brusquely as possible, she snapped it.

"If your father sent you to say good-bye, say it and go home," instructed Martha curtly.

"He didn't," said young George.

Strangely, this was the first time Martha had heard him speak.

"I'm sorry, but I don't believe you," said Martha. "If you mean to tell me he didn't give you those flowers —"

"He didn't. I bought them myself," said George. "I think they're dead. I got them because I thought if you weren't here, if I had flowers they'd let me wait."

Martha appreciated the practicality. Her heart-strings didn't any the more vibrate.

"Then you can just take 'em away again," said Martha. "Oughtn't you to be at the English Library?"

"Not after two hours," pointed out young George reasonably.

"Then you ought to be at home."

"I know," said George.

Though Martha didn't realise it, this was just the sort of stone-walling she herself had been used to employ upon a sweet-tempered aunt. But being very far from sweet-tempered, she did what her aunt should have done, that is, brought the argument to an end.

"Then cut along back now," ordered Martha, turning to the stairs.

Young George sat down again. Only because she was so unused to being disobeyed, because it so astonished her, did Martha spare him another moment.

"Didn't you hear what I

said?" demanded Martha angrily.

The child made no immediate answer — or not in words. His expression, however, was energetic; for that moment, mother and son glared at each other with matching ferocity. Martha's was a glare to daunt the brashest of news-hounds, the most opinionated of critics, the most injured of ex-lovers; but her son's matched it. His big head on the too-thin neck reared defiantly: as though he was at last, and deliberately, revealing who he was.

"I'm not going back ever," announced young George.

"I'm coming to England with you on Monday."

Standing as she did before an easel most of the day, it was always Martha's intention to take the weight off her feet whenever possible. This was probably why she, too, was down in the petit-point chair. Also the manageress had sent a waiter with a plate of cakes. "Compliments of the Relais," explained the waiter happily.

It was a compliment Martha could scarcely refuse, without detriment to her public image; as young George accepted a cherry tartlet — he seemed to have the same passion for them as had Martha for "chocolats Liegeois" — so indeed did she. "Do you always get things free?" asked George interestedly.

"No," said Martha, "and we're going to clear this up once and for all. Are you listening to me?"

"Yes," said George.

"What's a trauma?"

"And don't change the subject. You are not coming to England with me. Hell's bells, I've got rid of you once."

"Grandma says it was a crime," offered young George.

"Your grandmother is about the stupidest woman I've ever known," snapped Martha.

GEORGE agreed.

"That's what I think, too. You can't think how stupid she is. She goes on and on about cricket —"

"You should speak more respectfully of her," interrupted Martha — perceiving a mistake. "After all she's done for you you're an ungrateful little brute. You wouldn't find me worrying about your weak chest."

"I don't want it worried about," said young George. "Anyway, you aren't ashamed of me."

"And don't talk with your mouth full," ordered Martha. "What did you say?"

"You told my father, I heard you, in that place where I had those other cherry-tarts free. That you weren't ashamed of me," repeated George with pathos.

"Hell's bells, your father and grandmother aren't ashamed of you!" expostulated Martha.

"I have to call him Big Eric," stated George.

"I can see it's a bit of a pill," acknowledged Martha. "Never mind, I dare say Edith'll let you call her 'Mummy'."

"Only after a bit she might be ashamed of me, too."

Across the emptying plain Martha scrutinised him suspiciously. They were, after all, mother and son; the implicit, touching plea to be made an honest child of suddenly and forcibly recalled her own similarly touching plea, at about the same age, for a box of chalks with which to color a birthday card for her aunt.

Martha had no illusions as to youthful simplicity. She herself had needed those chalks to experiment with a thicker-than-pencil line, and unscrupulously introduced the birthday-card angle to shake down the necessary shilling. It was a kind aunt who had been simple, not a ten-year-old niece; and, as Martha recalled this but one incident among many, her suspicion of her son increased.

"You know as well as I do," said Martha deliberately, "that all that's nonsense. No."

To page 69

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Brand-spotter

CONTEST (THIRD SECTION)

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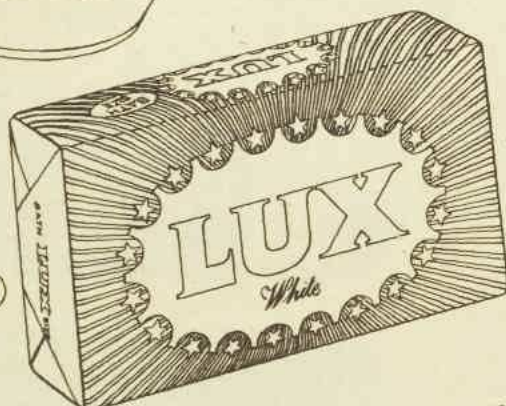
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Ask Mum or Dad to explain what you
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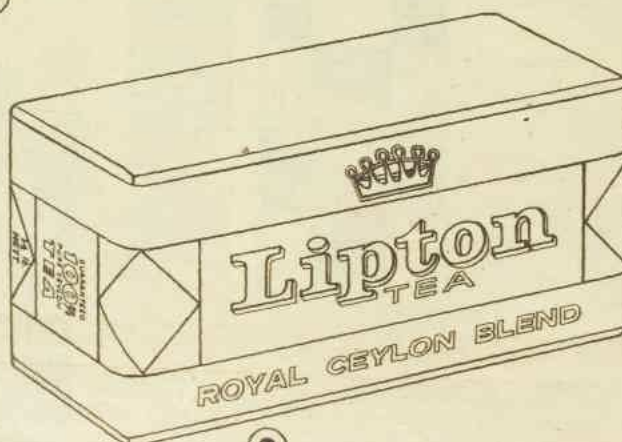
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7



8



9



10

NO. 3 OF A SERIES OF FOUR

Brand-spotter

National Contest

The Brand-Spotter National Contest, with its valuable all-cash awards is made possible through the co-operation of many of Australia's most progressive manufacturers of fine products. Study these famous quality brands... watch for others to appear in the next and final week of the Brand-Spotter Contest and share in the BIG MONEY prizes.

**CASH PRIZES TO TOTAL
VALUE EXCEEDING £5,000**

Here is the complete Brand-Spotter all-money prize list, to be distributed after the fourth and final week of this fabulous contest. Details of the Brand-Spotter contest for Juniors are given below.

	ADULT SECTION	JUNIORS 7-12 years	JUNIORS 13-16 years
1st PRIZE	£3,000	£75	£75
2nd PRIZE	£1,000	£50	£50
3rd PRIZE	£ 500	£25	£25
CONSOLATION PRIZES	50 @ £5	25 @ £5	25 @ £5

READ THESE CONTEST CONDITIONS

This contest shall consist of four different sections, one to appear in each of "The Australian Women's Weekly" issues of May 16, 23, 30 and 27. Contestants are requested to send in their entries after the fourth section has been completed. This contest closes in Melbourne at 5 p.m., on Wednesday, 10th June 1964.

1. All entries must be accompanied by "proof of purchase" but only where this condition does not contravene State Legislation. "Proof of Purchase" consists of the label, box top or can lid for each of the ten products illustrated in each of this series of four advertisements.

2. There shall be no entry fee for this contest and contestants may submit as many entries as they desire, but separate proof of purchase must be supplied with every entry where this condition does not contravene State Legislation.

3. Ink or ballpoint must be used to complete the entry form.

4. All entries must be submitted on the coupon included in each "Brand-Spotter" contest advertisement.

5. All entry material received becomes the property of Salesplanners Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.

NEXT WEEK

No. 4 CONTEST

Be sure to get your "Women's Weekly!"

JUNIOR COLOUR CONTEST

As well as "mistakes" to be discovered in the products illustrated opposite, this Contest now additionally takes the form of a COLOURING COMPETITION for Juniors. Colour these products as near as you can to the originals. Junior contestants must complete the entry form and supply separate "proof of purchase" if their entry is not accompanied by one from Mum or Dad.

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THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Comply with all rules and conditions as published in this advertisement.

2. Study the ten products illustrated opposite.

3. Compare our artist's drawings with the actual original product.

4. Complete the entry form below and in the spaces provided or on a separate sheet of paper make a note of the deliberate "mistakes" in each of these ten product illustrations; also, in not more than twenty words, state why you buy these quality products.

5. Contestants finding the most "mistakes" and giving the best reasons for buying these quality products will share the prize money.

6. Save this and next week's entry forms then mail together with "proof of purchase" (see Condition No. 2) to:

"BRAND-SPOTTER"

G.P.O. Box 2451-V.,
MELBOURNE, VIC.

THIS IS YOUR Brand-spotter No. 3 ENTRY FORM

MY NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

I buy these quality products because: (Please print your entry in ball-point and in not more than 25 words)

PRODUCT NUMBER: The "mistakes" in the product illustrations are as follow:
(Please print your entry in ball-point)

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

JUNIOR CONTESTANTS SIGN HERE:

I certify that my colouring is all my own work (SIGNED)

MY AGE AT MY NEXT BIRTHDAY WILL BE..... YEARS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 20, 1964

THESE SECTIONS NOT REQUIRED FROM JUNIOR CONTESTANTS

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 66

one's ashamed of you — or, if they were, I don't believe you'd mind. You're too conceited. And I don't believe you're any fonder of me than I am of you. You can't be, after the way I've treated you. Why do you want to come to England?"

The child hesitated a moment — mentally weighing, Martha could have sworn, his chances of still being able to bamboozle her. As she had scrutinised him, so he now scrutinised her. Obviously he came to the right conclusion, his expression changed from the pathetic to the business-like.

"To make motor-cars," said young George.

In her satisfaction at having got the truth out of him, and only too thankful that he hadn't said he wanted to paint, Martha reached for the last of the cherry-tartlets. So at the same moment did George. Their two square-palmed, strong-fingered hands — George's but the smaller — collided; or met. ("Go on, you have it," said Martha. "If you always get them free," accepted George.) It was still but a moment's truce.

"That's nonsense again," said Martha. "You can make motor-cars here. You can make Renaults."

"I don't want to make Renaults," said young George. "I want to make Rolls."

"Don't be such a snob," snapped Martha. "That's simply chi-chi. Actually I've a Rolls myself."

It was a second error. Young George instantly turned scarlet with enthusiasm.

"You've got a Rolls?"

"Only a very old one," said Martha hastily.

"How old?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Are the RR's on the bonnet red or black?"

"Red," said Martha.

"Then it's before 1933."

Has it got four-wheel brakes?"

"I tell you I don't know anything about it. I can't even drive it — and you couldn't either," said Martha quickly. "You're not old enough."

"No, but I could strip it down," said George.

He was her son all right. As she was his mother. In a peculiar way Eric's romanticism was justified; they had only to meet — even though it was less a meeting than a collision. There was certainly on neither side any sudden flowering of affection: Martha still found the child extremely unattractive — his head too large, his neck too thin, his resemblance to his father practically an affront; George for his part seemed to regard Martha primarily as the possessor of a Rolls and an entrepreneur of free food — and of course his passport to Coventry.

He made no move to... nestle up beside her. (No more had Martha nestled up to a kind aunt.) The gaze he fixed on her was less fond than watchful; watching for a crack in her defences. They had nonetheless — recognised each other.

"Once we're in England," offered George cautiously, "you might find someone else to adopt me."

"If you think I'm going to tangle with French notaries," said Martha grimly, "just to have you adopted again."

"You could always keep me if you wanted to," pointed out young George. "In fact, I'd rather."

As a first approach to sentiment it wasn't expansive; but it was genuine. Martha could have sworn it was genuine. Moreover, and to her extreme dismay, the child's face had suddenly crumpled. Young George was after all only ten; and had waited two hours, and had since been fighting the hardest battle of his life; he was very tired. Suddenly, big round babyish tears began to course down his cheeks...

"I'm sorry," choked young George, but still with a certain dignity. "Have you got a handkerchief?"

Martha gave him one of le maitre's. She also rose to her feet. Before the sight of that blubbered countenance, above all before the sight of that infantile attempt at self-control, she felt a tug on her heart-strings at last — and knew better than to let a hand so like her own take firmer hold.

"Keep it," said Martha harshly. "You've wasted enough of my time already. Keep it, and go home."

She didn't look back, as she stomped upstairs. She knew better. Hadn't she refused the gift of beauty, to keep herself unencumbered? Also le maitre was due at any moment, to take her to a buffet-supper where she was waited for by "tout Paris," and she hadn't yet washed her face.

ACTUALLY as she gained her room the telephone rang; hearing le maitre's voice, Martha hoped that he might have been held up a bit, too. "It's all right," said Martha at once, "I haven't even washed yet..." "Do not mind about washing, pack," ordered le maitre. "They have just telephoned me from London, I have managed to get you a place on the night plane. Mr. Joyce has had a second stroke."

She was only just in time. Permissive as the nursing-home was, only Mr. Joyce's doctor could have gained Martha admission to Mr. Joyce's death-bed. Entering, she crossed Miranda in tears supported by the night sister. "Only for a moment!" murmured the night sister; the doctor shrugged. He had never been such a bad doctor as Mr. Joyce proclaimed him; he knew that Martha must be allowed to stay as long as Mr. Joyce liked, or lived.

It was very quiet in the room. On the other side of the door a nurse undoubtedly watched; in the rooms to right and left other patients either slept, or if lying wakeful did so passively, not ringing the bells. Mr. Joyce and Martha were alone in an ambience of peculiar silence in which every word carried weight.

For some minutes Martha didn't think her patron would be able to speak at all, his hand on the coverlet so slightly contracted under the pressure of her own. But the old man had been saving his last strength.

"So you are made?" articulated Mr. Joyce.

"Yes," said Martha. "I'm made all right; in Paris."

"Good," whispered Mr. Joyce. "Then why are you crying?"

"Because you are going to die," said Martha.

"That is right, always use the plain term," whispered Mr. Joyce. "Never let it be said that the old man passed

on! I am not passing on, I am as you say dying. So draw me," ordered Mr. Joyce. "Such a sketch might be very useful, if you ever come to paint an agony."

Martha had a chalk in her pocket, but for once no paper on her. There was, however, some kind of a chart affixed to a board above the bed; she unhooked and turned it; the blank side, backed by wood, did well enough...

Martha had never before wept as she drew, but she still drew masterly. Nor had she ever before let a sitter see an unfinished portrait; but in this case there were obvious reasons.

"Very nice," whispered Mr. Joyce. "Unless you have given me too much the air of a Don Quixote! What else did you find in Paris, besides the ability to draw from the heart?"

Martha paused. She wasn't sure whether the news would please him or not. All she wanted was to please him, because she loved him. She had been late in realising it; it was still a love without a tongue; but from it undoubtedly derived the instinct to tell the truth.

"Well, actually, I've a son there," said Martha. "He's ten..."

For a long moment the old man lay silent, motionless, only his eyes alive. Behind them Martha sensed his brain working things out; comprehending at last her inexplicable decision, ten years earlier, to abandon Paris and le maitre's studio.

"I'd have had to get married," explained Martha. "That's why he's a little illegit."

Mr. Joyce nodded understandingly.

"At that point in your career, right..."

"But his grandmother's looked after him," said Martha. "She's looked after him splendidly."

"Where is he?" whispered Mr. Joyce.

"In Paris. I had to leave very suddenly," said Martha. She spoke not unaware of what the words implied. She spoke them because she saw the implication necessary to Mr. Joyce's peace: that she was going back for George. But as words unspoken are our slaves, so are words spoken our masters "verbum dat esse reis," the statement creates the fact. In any case, there'd always be some female student, reflected Martha, to look after the child, and Tommy could see he didn't wreck the Rolls...

"That is so, you came quickly to the old man," agreed Mr. Joyce. "Very well, then, draw him for me!"

Martha took up her chalk and on the corner of the paper drew again. It actually surprised her, how accurately she recalled young George's undistinguished features. The two heads so filled the sheet, here and there the lines overlapped... Then she held it for Mr. Joyce to see.

"A fine boy, your son!" whispered Mr. Joyce. "A big brain!"

He slightly reared himself against the pillow in a gesture of salutation. Martha put her arms round him and held him.

"A son!" repeated Mr. Joyce quite loudly. "You are also blessed with a son!"

Then the breath rattled in his throat, and Martha could only wait, holding him in her arms, until the night nurse came back.

THE END
(The novel "Martha, Eric and George" is published by Collins.)



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THE MEN WHO REFUSED TO MARRY EMILY MONTAGUE

Continued from page 19

The diamond bracelet was glimmering on her plate when she came down to breakfast. Her grandmother, with whom Emily had lived since her parents died, liked to pose as a tough old dowager who disdained gift boxes, sentimental greeting cards, and hypocrisy. "You might as well have some rubbers to wear on your feet," she announced, forthrightly, waving aside Emily's protest of delight. "Because it's something to seem certain you'll have none on your left foot."

Emily laughed, and her grandmother was affronted; she listed her grievances. "For times a bridemaid! You may not be superstitious, but I can imagine turning down that nice Latham boy. You had everything in common."

"Gosh, nice boys are a rare on the market," Emily said, trying not to laugh again. "And I wasn't in love with him."

"Love! When all's said and done there are more important subjects for a good marriage," her grandmother said with increasing heat. "At least you could be certain he wasn't after my money. It's no use reminding you're a sweet young thing any more, you know."

Emily made the answer she was sure her grandmother would. "You didn't get married until you were twenty-two."

"I knew you were going to say that," Her grandmother was triumphant, for she felt there was no argument like an old one.

"What you don't seem to understand is that I was a first beauty; you're only a pretty girl. And that will fade, my dear. You can't expect proposals to keep flowing in the dividends. Twenty-nine is the best door to oblivion. Especially if you keep accumulating worry-wrinkles and under-eye circles from working night and day at that silly job of yours."

This was the last and roughest of her grandmother's provocations, and the most time-consuming to discuss. Emily decided to sidestep it this morning. "I'll be home late tonight," she said, rising. "I'm having dinner with David."

"David?" Her grandmother's righteous anger disappeared in two syllables. "Bring him in for a night, at least he's the right one."

Emily could not resist inquiring innocently, "By that you mean rich and social?"

Her grandmother's wrath was fiery. "Indeed not. Your grandfather was poor as a church mouse when I married him. But he was single, he did not wear outlandish clothes, and he did not telephone me at four o'clock in the morning."

Thomas Jeffery Sanderson, Editor-in-Chief.

A few moments later Jeff Sanderson came into her office. At forty-four he looked as rumpled, saturnine, and formidable as he had twenty years ago, when he began fighting his way to the top of what was, at that time, London's most revered and least profitable publishing house. In those two decades he had made startling changes, a great deal of money, an unhappy marriage, and many enemies. Emily was not one of the latter. He refused to listen to her thanks.

"No more than you deserve, Em," he said. "You're the best editor I've got—you know how to make the good books better, and at least stylish junk of the others. And you can tell the difference between the two, which is real talent." Then, as if ashamed of sincerity, he added harshly, "Well, get busy. Don't sit around on your laurels or you'll be out on the streets hunting for another job."

EMILY

laughed. The mannerisms that gave Jeff Sanderson the reputation of being a tough man to work for had, from the first, only amused her. Perhaps that was why she had succeeded in a job everyone warned her not to take. That was what she liked to think—rather than the reasons gossip had whispered. She shrugged, dismissing the thought, and called after him, teasing, "But what sentiment! A rise on my birthday. I'd never have suspected it."

He came back, wearing a mocking grin. "I'm not sentimental. But you are, so I humor you. Enlightened self-interest, it's called. Like the amount—you deserve more, but I don't want you to make so much money that some indigent writer will marry you for it. I strive to achieve that nice balance that'll keep you chained to my chariot, affluent but unmarried, till you're a formidable spinster. You—and the rest of the literary world—realise that's my real objective."

Emily knew this mockery was self-directed. There had been a time, several years ago, when without deliberate intent on either of their parts they had seen a great deal of each other. It had been so easy—drinks after work; luncheons to discuss a promising author; literary cocktail parties, and dinner later. But there had never been a word of love between them, in spite of the rumors.

Then, taking her home one night, Jeff had said abruptly, "This is something that has to end before it can begin, Emily. It's possible, in the dim future, Greta will find something or someone she wants more than revenge. But he's not on the horizon now. So—as they say it so nicely in the second-feature films made from our books—this is goodbye." The following months, for Emily, had been a time of numb anguish. Before the break, if it could be called that, she had lied even to herself, claiming no emotions but admiration and friendship. Then, forced to face up to the situation, she had looked into her heart and recoiled from what she found. This could not be love!

So, schooling herself to forget, she had locked her grief

To page 74

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

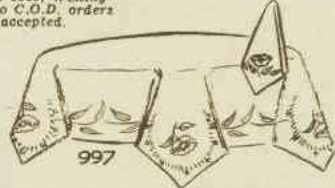


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COPPER HOOD over a black tiled fireplace dominates the L-shaped formal living-room (above). Green damask wallpaper looks like a wall of green silk. The grey-green carpet tones with green linen chintz loose covers. Glass doors leading to the verandah are screened with white curtains.

CHARMING KITCHEN (above), with red-and-white cherry-patterned wallpaper on the ceiling, is a feature in Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Leonard's home at Surfers' Paradise, Qld. A dumb waiter and garbage chute save trips up and down the stairs. Beyond the door is a cedar dining suite.



GROUND FLOOR of the two-storey home is paved in olive and white terrazzo and is used for pool-side entertaining. There is also space for a garage, laundry, and housekeeper's flat. Living quarters, with views of the Nerang River on every side, are above. Verandah has steps leading to pool.

TWO HOUSES ON THE GOLD COAST



SCREENS in masonry brick, oiled oregon shutters, and white weather-board are combined in Mr. Eric Robinson's colonial-style house on the Isle of Capri at Surfers' Paradise.

LIVING - ROOM (below) overlooks river. Matt beige furniture includes an antique spring rocker and colonial-style dining-table and chairs. Curtains are made of hand-woven lace.

These two houses on the banks of the Nerang River at Surfers' Paradise are interesting examples of the type of homes being built on Queensland's Gold Coast. On the opposite page is Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Leonard's home of contemporary design in Sunset Boulevard, and on this page Mr. Eric Robinson's colonial-style weekender on the Isle of Capri.

Color pictures by Brendon Cummings



GRACEFUL STAIRCASE (left) in the entrance hall has banister of polished oregon and the stairs are covered with a gold carpet.

MAHOGANY COUNTER (below) with four hotplates set in the top matches mahogany cupboards in this big kitchen.



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SOUTHWICK'S HIGH GROWN CEYLON TEA	QLD.
WOOD SON'S QUALITY CEYLON TEA	S.A. W.A.

*Firms, if phoned, will name nearest shop selling their brand

THE MEN WHO REFUSED TO MARRY EMILY

MONTAGUE

Continued from page 71

away and tried to pretend it had never existed. From Jeff, there had been no subsequent overtures. They had scarcely seen each other outside office hours. Their conversations (except this one) had been strictly business.

Emily had no intention of permitting a change. Now, answering him, she made a joke of his words. "You, too? My grandmother was telling me this morning that it was now or never if I intended to get married. I said it wasn't hopeless."

He did not like the joke. There was a cutting edge in his reply. "Of course it's not hopeless. In fact," glancing behind him, "the queue is forming outside your door right now. And since I'm ineligible I'll move out of the way."

He disappeared. A moment later the doorway was filled with the bulk of an enormous young man. Incongruously, his expression was hesitant as a small boy's. His name was Mike Hewitt and he was carrying a ragged, bulging carrier bag. "Emily . . . if I came at the wrong time, I can come back."

"Mike!" Emily's tone was pure pleasure. "You've finished it! Even if you haven't, you never come at the wrong time."

Reassured, he came in and set the carrier bag on her desk, reached in and produced — one at a time, like a magician — three dilapidated boxes that had once held typing paper. "Yes, it's done. Heaven knows if it's worth the cost of the typewriter ribbon. I'm afraid to let you read it . . ." His voice trailed off. "Blast! I forgot, I've stopped playing Uriah Heep with you. Em, it's great. I know it is. It's the great British novel in one hundred and fifty thousand words. There's been nothing like it this century, and I'll settle personally with anyone who argues the point — except you."

EMILY burst into laughter. His first novel, three years ago, had been her first big find. At her insistence it had been published with predictable results: lavish critical acclaim, minute sales. For a time afterwards it had begun to seem she had adopted the author by championing the book.

Mike Hewitt had wandered in and out of her life — waiting outside her home or office, eating lunch two tables away at her favorite restaurant, telephoning her at odd hours (including the four a.m. call that had so outraged her grandmother). Once she had run into him at midnight, in a hotel foyer, as she emerged from a charity ball. Emily had been both amused and annoyed at the insistent attention. Then, very suddenly, it had stopped. After a couple of months went by Emily phoned to ask why.

"I'm working and I'm up to my ears in the new book," he said quite pleasantly. "But I promise you, you'll be the first to see it." Then he had chatted on quite impersonally. Emily had hung up, puzzled and obscurely hurt, realising how much she missed him. He was such an odd combination: genuine modesty mixed with overwhelming confidence; garrulous talk and moody silence; freely given trust and baseless suspicion.

"Schizophrenic!" she said to him now. "I've been looking for the word for you, and

that's the best I can come with."

He chuckled, not at all sulked. "Nothing wrong with me that regular meals, no criminate adoration, plenty money, and a good woman up his hand. But that's an offer, no matter how less you are." Plainly he overheard the conversation with Jeff.

Emily made a wry face. "The world seems to be of men who don't want to marry me."

"You don't look at it the right way," he said, with a touch of irony. "Take, for example. Now, when I married it'll be because I found a girl who looks at me like . . . But I won't bore you. Do you know what I mean?"

Emily was, without provocation, quite angry. I know what you mean? I think I haven't seen enough young men at my door who hello on their lips and peck in their eyes? What you want is a look of commitment, certainty, with no possibility of change and nothing held back. But people don't love like that any more. It's gone out of fashion . . .

"Strange you should say that. It's part of the theme of my book — the nature of love and the way the modern world mangles it. That's pretty phrase, Em — hello on their lips and perhaps in the eyes. You won't mind if I borrow it some time, will you? You're not planning to give up business as a writer?"

"No, I like what I do now. Emily said, trying to regain composure. Needling him, for he had fought every thing in the first book, she added: "You know what my job is, of course — cutting maudlin writers down to size, there's some chance the books will be published. At least read!"

"Wait, now. Every word you can cut from that book will be like a drop of blood from my arteries. Beat it in mind."

"No promises," she said. "You bear in mind that I know my business." She pulled the rubber bands off the first box, lifted out a sheaf of paper and glanced at the opening.

"Go away now and let me get on with my real love affair — literature." She gestured toward the door. "I'll ring you when I've finished — judging by its size, in about three weeks."

"Seriously, Em, will you ring and tell me what you think as soon as you've finished? It's very important to me. I . . . value your judgment a great deal."

Emily was touched. "Of course."

"One more thing. Are you going to have lunch?"

"No, I want to . . . Yes, blast it, but I can't with you. I forgot, I have a date. With Ulysses Smith. He doesn't want to marry me, either. He just wants me to go to bed with him for a year. That's why he's taking me out to lunch — to ask me."

"What'll you tell him?"

"I haven't decided," Emily answered. She began reading the manuscript again, and he was gone when she looked up.

She had decided, of course. She told him so, as firmly as always.

"Sweetheart, why are you so set on marriage?" Ulysses demanded, his red beard bristling. "Why can't you give me — us! — a chance?"

To page 77

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"Perfect porridge cooked in
30 seconds or your money back".

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Compare the grain of Summer
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(Photo below). You can see
Summer Sun Oats are rolled
finer — and the finer oats are
rolled the faster they cook.



Compare the colour of Summer
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Sun Oats are pure white —
not greyish. Compare the
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RECIPE FOR PERFECT PORRIDGE IN 30 SECONDS

For 4 people add 1 cupful of
Summer Sun Oats to 2½ cups
full of hot (but not boiling)
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stir. 30 seconds later, your
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Get the real packet
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Both worn 3 weeks,
washed 12 times.

This one was Patonised.

Your knitting needn't shrink or pill again... if you use Patons **PATONISED** wools

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Read how the Patonising process,
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Once these sweaters looked exactly alike! Then each was worn for 4 hours daily, for 3 weeks, and under the same conditions. After that both were given 12 identical hand washes, and allowed to dry completely between each wash. See the sweater on the left, knitted in a non-Patonised wool equivalent to 8-ply, has shrunk 2". It's pillled and felted, too.



Now see how the sweater on the right has kept its original fit, its smooth, unruffled look. And it still has that good woollen feel. That's because it was knitted in a Patons Patonised wool of identical ply — to the correct knitting tension, of course. Make sure you always knit with one of Patons 16 Patonised wools. They're your guarantee of handknits you'll be proud to wear.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it



THE MEN WHO REFUSED TO MARRY EMILY MONTAGUE

There's every likelihood it'll work out — lead to the altar. It doesn't — you, not me, may be the one who wants to call it a day. Have a little confidence in the lasting quality of your charms."

Countering it, Emily said, "Look at it realistically. Why should I give up a job I enjoy, when I'm getting to the top, to trail along behind you? What have you got to offer?"

"What have you got to offer?" he asked, palms spread in amazement. "I've already got it all — a cupboardful of expensive clothes, five pairs of elbow-length kid gloves, two wigs of real hair. That's the total success can give you. I'm offering you a chance of happiness."

Emily cocked her head and laid her chin against her hand, considering him with decision. "What kind of happiness?"

"How many kinds are there? One," he said with conviction, no longer playing the bluff. His mouth was firm, and he looked less boyish. "Stop patronising me. This child-like air is only a pose; it goes with the beard. It's profitable, but it's not the one you know that. You're the one with the adolescent soul, not me."

Startled, Emily peered at him. "You're serious?" "I most certainly am." There was a queer, harsh note in his voice. Before Emily could recover, he flung the table aside, threw down some money and strode out.

And Elliott was waiting for her outside her office that evening grave and impeccable and courtly as ever. "Hello," she called. "How many millions did you make today?"

"Enough to retire," he said, just one corner of his mouth twitching. "But the more's got into my blood,

just as the doctors warned. It's not the money any more, it's the sense of power. I can ruin millionaires, frighten captains of industry, buy desirable women. As a matter of fact, I have a pile of them to look over tonight, after I've taken you home with me for a nightcap."

She chortled. "Not me; Granny told me to bring you back for a drink."

"Not tonight." He handed her into a taxi. "I've arranged a first-class birthday celebration, and plans can't be changed at a moment's notice."

"How on earth did you know it was my birthday?"

HE looked embarrassed. "I've known for years. I came to one of your parties, when I was about nine. You see — it's my birthday, too. How's that for an omen?"

They ate at the Savoy Grill. Every detail was quite perfect and, as David had said, it was arranged in advance. So was his flat: soft music, glowing flowers, polished wood and brass, brandy and liqueurs and crystal glasses gleaming in firelight.

"What a beautiful room, David," she said. "All the best of Victoriana. I'd never have suspected it would attract you."

"I'm Victorian at heart, I suppose," he said, sitting beside her. "And though I won't kneel in front of you, will you marry me, Emily?"

She was silent for a moment. "In the Victorian novels I've read, there's usually some mention of sentiment."

"Love." He reached out to touch the tips of her fingers. "Yes, I do love you — but Emily, we're both twenty-nine, and that a cross-roads, a time to think about the future. We understand each other, we have everything going our

way. It will work, our marriage, and it will be a good one, what's more. I am sure of that."

"David..." she hesitated. "Don't say no. Take time to think about it," he urged.

Emily was dismayed by his intensity; he sounded as if it were all settled, so obvious and inescapable and reasonable that she must, sooner or later, agree. "But it has to be no, David. From what you say, it would be a compromise for you. It would be for me, too, though perhaps not for the reason you think. And I'm not ready to compromise yet."

He sat staring at her for a moment, then did the one thing she had never expected: he pulled her into his arms, and kissed her until they were both breathless. Still holding her, he said hoarsely, "It might be a better compromise than you think. I'll ask you again." And he released her and went to fetch her coat.

The next day she sat at her desk and plunged again into Mike Hewitt's book. For it was, as he had promised, magnificent. The theme — the nature of love — was not new. Dozens of writers had attempted it, but this book was beyond comparison.

The concluding chapter — which dealt with the hopeless failure of love and the hero's rejection of an attempt to breathe life into it again — made her weep.

When she finished the book, in mid-afternoon, Emily was awed. She had known Michael Hewitt was a superb writer, but she had not known he was capable of writing this book. Her first impulse was to phone him at once. Then, with the number half-dialled, she stopped. No, it would be best to wait.

As she gathered up her hat and bag, the phone rang. It was Ulysses, trying to sound jaunty, and succeeding in

sounding drunk. "Where've you been?" he asked. "I rang every hour on the hour, and your secretary said you were out."

"I was busy," Emily said. "I told her to hold any calls."

"Want to apologise for walking out on you yesterday. I want to buy you a drink and say I'm sorry."

"Ulysses, I can't. I'm going home now," Emily said. "And you sound as if you've had enough. But I'm not angry."

"Won't even have a drink with me, when I've offered to share my life and everything I have?"

She made her way home in a mood of deepening, inexplicable despondency. Perhaps Granny was right; the road from twenty-nine was downhill.

As she opened the door at home, voices reached her from the living-room. She glanced in. There, half turning to stare at her, like two guilty conspirators, were her grandmother and David. "Come in, dear," her grandmother called too brightly. "Here's David. He just happened to drop in for tea."

David gave her an amused smile. "That's not true. Your grandmother's protecting me. I asked if I could come."

Emily was not amused. "Granny," she said severely, "you look pretty silly, with your bow and arrow hanging out."

"Don't be churlish," Her grandmother was quite unruffled.

At that instant there was a sound of loud pounding, the front door was wrenched open, and Ulysses came stumbling in. "You win, Em," he said. "I'll marry you." And with a look of bewildered triumph, he fell to the floor.

That brought her grandmother and David out of their chairs in a hurry, Emily noted. They were silent onlookers as water restored

To page 78

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF

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She's gone modern —
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**FABULOUS FAB SUDS
KEEP ON
WASHING, WORKING
WHEN OTHER SUDS
ARE DEAD AND GONE**



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN

Ulysses to consciousness, or a fuddled facsimile. Not a whit abashed, he grabbed one of her hands. "You've caught me," he said. "Fix the date soon or I may change my mind."

"Emily, I trust this is a joke," her grandmother broke in.

"Look, Emily," David was quiet but authoritative. "Suppose I go and find a taxi. I'll take him home and see he gets to bed to sleep it off."

"Won't go." Ulysses was still prone, but following the conversation. "Not till Em . . ."

Once more the front door was thrust open with punishing force, so that it clattered against the wall. Michael Hewitt stood there. He was quite obviously furious, with no interest in the curious tableau, and no eyes for anyone but Emily.

"Why didn't you ring?" he demanded.

"You knew I was waiting. Couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, couldn't think till I'd heard from you about the book. Finally I rang your office, and your secretary said you'd finished it. Why didn't you ring me?"

"Why should she ring you?" Ulysses spoke from the floor. "She's not supposed to be at your beck and call, you know."

"You'd better keep quiet," Mike snarled at him. To Emily: "What's he doing here, anyway? Isn't he the rat who's been making propositions to you?"

"No," Ulysses rose with great dignity, and stood unsteadily. "I'm

the rat who's going to marry her and take her to Brazil." One hard fist later, he was again stretched on the floor. This time, it took longer to revive him.

"I didn't realise he was drunk," Mike said wretchedly to Emily, once Ulysses had been bundled into a taxi and driven off, accompanied by a reluctant David.

"You did exactly the right thing," Emily's grandmother said. "Now, I need a rest. But you tell this fine young man why you didn't ring him. You should have." She marched up the stairs.

"Oh, Mike," Emily turned to him, remembering. "I'm sorry. I

was going to, then I decided I'd wait till tomorrow."

His face was a study of wretchedness. "The book's that bad?"

"Oh, no! It's magnificent. I can't tell you how good it is. You've done what some writers try for all their lives."

"You mean it?" He looked like a man restored to life, or perhaps transported to heaven.

"I didn't ring you because I was afraid I'd be too ecstatic," Emily said. "Honestly, that's the reason. I thought I should try to be more objective before I talked to you."

Mike's grin was almost splitting his face now. "More, more. Tell

me how great it is, in detail." Then, teasing, "Before you get to the part about what you want changed."

"Oh, I haven't even thought about that."

"Come, you must want some changes. You probably have them all written down — one, two, three. Give me a little bad news or I'll float through the window and never be seen again. Quick, right off the cuff; what's the thing you like least?"

Emily was reluctant. "Well . . . it's the ending."

"The ending!" His voice changed in a moment from laughter to outrage. "What's wrong with the ending?"

"The wounded author—how well I recognise that tone," Emily said. "Remember, you asked me. Seriously, and this is just a first impression, I think it's too bitter, too hopeless. If this man's as wise as you've made him, he'll never give up. He'll never turn down an overture, even if he can't be sure it will last. He'll know love is worth the chance of suffering."

"This chap's been humiliated, kicked in the teeth, punished to the limit of his endurance," Mike insisted, with too much vehemence. "Suddenly, he sees another chance. Does he want to risk it again? I think not. He's not a saint, he's just a human being, like you or me. Perhaps especially like you."

"There's no need to make this personal," Emily said, angered.

MIKE'S voice was

angered, too. "It's true, though. He's especially like you. Aren't you the girl who's decided to avoid any more chances of the real world? You got hurt once, so you bowed out of the search. Keep it impersonal — that's your motto."

"You've got no right say that!" Emily was half-way between hurt and fury. "What do you know about me?"

"What do I know about you? Everything. I made it my business to find out. But even if I hadn't, wouldn't this afternoon make it obvious? Here's this Peter Pan of an artist you've been tagging along, never intending to marry him, but never giving him the push, either. Just keeping him around for reassurance. Then there's this well-groomed pseudo-tycoon hovering in the background with his pockets loaded, waiting for you to capitulate. And you love having him around; he's a good form of insurance. You'll probably marry him in the end. And then there's you — nursing the memory of a so-called love affair that, if I'm any judge, never came to anything. You don't want to get involved with life. You've given up."

"If that's true, why are you here?" Emily was near to tears.

"I'm an observer. I'm here to find out about my book."

"You're here to blame me because your personal book came out the wrong way," Emily leered. "You tell me I'm afraid of any more wounds. That may be true, but at least I'm not sitting back enjoying the pain. I'm not squeezing out blood from the old wounds and using it to write advertisements. I'm not exhibiting my scars and soliciting alms."

Brushing past, he stumbled through the door, slamming it after him. She stood there struggling with conflicting emotions — the desire to comfort him; the knowledge that if she did she would once more be hopelessly committed. He must have been fighting the same battle. As Emily opened the door he was coming back up the flight of steps. "Oh, Mike, Mike," she cried. "I'm so terribly sorry."

He came in, determined but tentative, not daring to read too much into her words. "Haven't we both got enough wounds, Em?" he asked. "Aren't they so old we should forget them?" And then they were in each other's arms; Emily crying, Mike almost. "There, there," he comforted her, holding her close. "We were as foolish as children, wanting to love like a fairy tale. And when it didn't happen the way we wanted, we were angry and bitter. But it's not too late. It's not too late."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964

THE MEN WHO REFUSED TO MARRY EMILY MONTAGUE

Continued from page 77



a friend in deeds . . .

The sort of friend it's good for a family to have. And it's a handsome friend, too, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer. From the moment it gets into your laundry, you'll love its consistent work-horse readiness; its way of working steadily right through the heaviest wash . . . whenever you want. For hours on end if necessary. Or for ten minutes looking after your dainties.

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Illustrated, Westinghouse Wringer-Washer Model 653.



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MANDRAKE has successfully impersonated President Andros and he and the real leader change places. Mandrake flies home — and into a new adventure. NOW READ ON . . .



OUR GALAXY — A LENS-SHAPED MASS OF BILLIONS OF STARS, GAS, DUST — AND MANY POSSIBLE LIFE FORMS.

SCIENCE ALSO TELLS US OF COUNTLESS OTHER GALAXIES — SPACED A MILLION LIGHT-YEARS APART —

FROM ONE OF THESE OUTER GALAXIES — A VISITOR COMES.

OUT FROM DEEP INTERGALACTIC SPACE — A VISITOR —

SIZE — LIKE TIME — IS RELATIVE. IT'S DIFFICULT FOR US TO IMAGINE A SHIP THE SIZE OF OUR PLANET —

HUNDREDS WHOSE SIZE WOULD BE MEASURED IN HUNDREDS OF OUR MILES — WHOSE LIFE SPAN WOULD BE THOUSANDS OF OUR YEARS —

THE GREAT TRAVELLER THREADS CAREFULLY AMONG THE OUTER PLANETS — LIKE A SHIP AMONG SHOALS —

CAREFULLY AVOIDING SATURN AND ITS RINGING RINGS —

—AND HUGE ICY JUPITER AND ITS TWELVE MOONS—

BZZZZ

AS THEY NEAR THE CROWDED ASTEROID BELT — THE PUTY OFFICER DOZES — (EVEN A COLOSSUS MUST SLEEP) — THAT STARTS THE TROUBLE! —

CONTINUED —

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. They are for taking on some clothing (4-7).
2. Semi-bib (anagr., 7).
3. Urge a parliamentarian in a broken lie (5).
4. Old-fashioned wisdom; you may win it (3).
5. Denied (7).
6. Crash noisily with the teeth (6).
7. Working room of an artist (6).
8. It rains, coming from a peninsula of the North Adriatic (7).
9. Take off the lid with the can up (5).
10. Bring out with the help of Mussolini (5).
11. To recall an oath (7).
12. He is fishing, yet what he catches is not a fish (5-8).

Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1964

DOWN

1. A bovine animal has a curve and forms a crescent-shaped bend in a river (2-3).
2. Suffering a wasting disease, which could come from a cat bite (7).
3. Agree as despatched (6).
4. Famous Norwegian composer (5).
5. Reckoned to be pure Ted (7).
6. Averse (11).
7. Bumpkins (11).
8. It is a lie (7).
9. Fastens, often with a skewer, before cooking (7).
10. Swallow up (6).
11. Lied with a standard of perfection (5).
12. Island in Mediterranean Sea (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Butterick

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Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.



2916.—New season's reversible cape in two lengths. Straight-darted skirt, matching or in contrast to the cape. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2916, price 6/- includes postage.

THE REVERSIBLE CAPE CO-ORDINATES



2849.—Tailored co-ordinates. Fitted weskit and slim skirt with long-sleeved, notch-collared jacket. Pattern also provides for full-length, lined coat. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2849, price 5/9 includes postage.



the RAGLAN COAT



3007. — Full- or three-quarter-length coat wardrobe. (D) Double-breasted, with long sleeves. (E) Buttonless, with bracelet-length sleeves. (C) Buttonless, with self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3007, price 6/6 includes postage.

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